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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF PIUS IX.

CHAPTER I.—*Death of Gregory XVI.—His funeral obsequies.—Short sketch of the Sacred College.—Nomination of Pius IX.—A sketch of his early years.*

HIS HOLINESS GREGORY XVI had been gradually sinking under the weight of infirmity and years, until early in June, 1846, when the sad intelligence spread through the streets of the Eternal City, that the Vicar of Christ upon earth, the head of the Catholic Church, was no more. For sixteen years he had filled the Papal throne with a dignity and energy that commanded the respect of all the nations of Europe.

All will remember with feelings of pleasure the noble rebuke which the venerable old man, a short period before his death, gave to the haughty Emperor of Russia on account of the persecution of Catholics in his dominions. The emperor was on a visit to Rome and had requested and obtained an interview with the Pope. "Sire," said the pontiff, "the day draws near when both of us must appear before God to render to him an account of the actions of our lives. No doubt I shall be called first, for I am already far advanced in years; and, sire, I should appear before him with trembling, did I not undertake this day the defence of the religion which is intrusted to me, and of which you are the oppressor. Sire, think well upon it: God creates kings that they may be the fathers and not the tyrants of their people." Noble words, and worthy of the head of the Christian world! Well may they have struck terror, as it is said they did, into the very soul of the cruel persecutor of the nuns of Minsk.

As soon as the death of the Holy Father was officially announced to the Roman Senate, the great bell of the Capitol was tolled, the sound of which was answered by the numerous bells of the city, and the melancholy tidings conveyed to the people. The members of the tribunal of the Apostolic Chamber were convened by Cardinal Riario-Sforza, and escorted to the Vatican Palace by a body of the Noble Guard. On arriving at the mortuary chamber, where the body of the illustrious dead lay in state, the Cardinal Camerlengo prostrated himself, and remained for some time in silent prayer. Then rising up, approached the body and with a trembling voice recited *De profundis*. The Notary Secretary then read on his knees the demand for the recognition of the body and for the delivering up of the fisherman's ring, whereupon it was delivered into his hands by the Master of the Pontifical chamber. After this sad and imposing duty the Cardinal Camerlengo left the palace escorted by a body of the Swiss Guard. On the following day the body of Gregory XVI, after being embalmed in conformity with custom, was clothed according to the prescribed ceremonial, in a white cassock, and was laid on a silken couch richly embroidered. Four of the Noble Guard in their brilliant scarlet uniform and bearing drawn swords stood around the body. The father penitentiaries of the Vatican Basilica knelt by the corpse and recited in sad chaunt the prayers for the dead. On the evening of the same day, the heart of the pope, after having been religiously deposited in an urn, was carried for interment according to custom to the church of Sts. Vincent and Anastasius, under the charge of the private chaplain of the deceased.

The papal obsequies last nine days and a Notary draws up a process of all the ceremonies. The third day after the death of the Pope, the grand funeral rites were commenced. The five absolutions were given by five different Cardinals or other distinguished personages. The Sa-

ered College, the entire diplomatic body, military authorities, and a vast number of other distinguished persons were present to take part in the imposing ceremonies. An immense catafalque, admirably designed, rose majestically in the centre of the Basilica. Around it burned an immense number of lights. At the four angles were four figures emblematic of the virtues which principally illustrated the life of the late pope:—namely, Prudence, Justice, Fortitude, and Temperance. The whole was surmounted by a colossal figure of Religion. The sides bore inscriptions relating to events in the life of the deceased pontiff; and in the centre compartment, representing a sepulchral chamber, were placed the remains of the illustrious dead, above which the papal tiara rested on two rich cushions.

On the day following the obsequies of Gregory XVI, all the Cardinals assembled in St. Peter's, there to assist at a Mass of the Holy Ghost, after which a discourse was pronounced on the election of a successor. On the evening of the same day, the members of the Sacred College were again convened in the church of St. Sylvester. The master of ceremonies, carrying the papal cross, approached the altar, between the ushers of the red-rod, while the chaplains of the pontifical chapel intoned the hymn *Veni Creator Spiritus*. After the first verse, the Cardinals left the church and crossed the square of the Quirinal to the Vatican. The procession was grand and imposing. A detachment of dragoons with drawn swords, the Swiss Guards armed with their picturesque halberds, and the Noble Guard clad in their brilliant uniform, formed an escort. These were followed by the chanters of the pontifical chapel, and master of ceremonies bearing the crucifix. Then followed the Sacred College, headed according to the ceremonial by the governor of Rome, M. Marini. A great number of prelates with their attendants closed the procession.

When the cortege reached the Pauline chapel, the *Veni Creator Spiritus* was concluded, and the first notice to all not connected with the Sacred College to withdraw was given in these words: "*Extra omnes—let all go forth.*" The sub-dean, Cardinal Macchi, then rising addressed the Sacred College in a short but earnest discourse, on the magnitude of the labor they were called on to perform, that of giving to the Church a pastor worthy of the high position which he would be called on to occupy—a chief that would conduct the barque of Peter safely through the storms and agitations that have ever assailed it. After this discourse the Apostolic Bulls relating to Conclaves were read. The Cardinals took the oath of conformity with them in every particular. The same oath was administered to the Prefect of the apostolic palace; the perpetual Marshal of the Holy Church, guardian of the Conclave; the Auditors of the Rota, and all others engaged in the management of the affairs of the Conclave.

The members of the Sacred College then retired to the little chambers prepared for them, after having received the homage of the Diplomatic body, the prelature, the Roman nobility, and all other persons of note at that time in Rome. As the clock of the Quirinal struck eleven, the last warning for strangers to withdraw was heard; immediately all visitors left the Conclave, which was formally closed in the presence of the chief Cardinal of each Order, in the interior, and of the Marshal on the outside. While the Conclave was in session, and indeed during the vacancy of the Holy See, the collect *Pro eligendo Summo Pontifice* is said at every Mass; also in certain churches of the city of Rome, the Blessed Sacrament is exposed to perpetual adoration, and to these churches all the confraternities of the city go in procession every morning and evening. The secular clergy also go in procession from the church of the Holy Apostles to the Quirinal, which ceremony they repeat daily until the new pope is elected.

In this connection it will be interesting to our readers to give a short sketch of the Sacred College, which, next to the Holy Father, is the most important body in the Catholic Church. Being the advisers of the Pope, the Cardinals hold the reins of government at his death, and until they have chosen a successor to the deceased pontiff. Thus they form within themselves the supreme Senate of the Church. From the earliest ages of Christianity, the principal churches were *Cardinal churches*, that is to say, the base and foundation of all others. From the churches, this title passed gradually to those who governed them. At what particular period in the history of the Church, this distinctive appellation was given to high ecclesiastical personages is not altogether certain. As far back, however, as the year 769, in the Council held at Rome, mention is made of Cardinal Bishops. At that time the Cardinals were called Hebdomadary-Cardinal-Bishops, because they served by alternate weeks in the church of St. John Lateran instead of the pope, when the Sovereign Pontiff did not officiate personally. Anterior to this period, other titles were used, such as "Roman Bishops;" "Bishops of the City;" "Vicars of the Sovereign Pontiff;" and "Col-lateral Bishops."

The Sacred College is composed of three distinct orders: namely, the order of Cardinal Bishops; the order of Cardinal Priests; and the order of Cardinal Deacons. At first there were seven cardinal bishops, but in the time of Callistus II, they were reduced to six. The cardinal priests were at first the rectors of parishes called *titulary*. The *titulary* churches are about fifty,—and the cardinal priests of these churches, since the time of Honorius III, enjoy the rights of bishops. The cardinal deacons are the next in order, of whom there are fourteen. The Sacred College is composed of seventy cardinals when the number

is complete, as follows:—six cardinal bishops; fifty cardinal priests; and fourteen cardinal deacons.

Originally the number of Cardinals was not fixed. Each Pope was at liberty to increase the number as he judged expedient. At the time of Nicholas III, there were only seven Cardinals; under John XXII, the number was increased to twenty; and three more were added under Urban VI. At one time the Councils of Basle and Constance wished to fix the number definitely at twenty-four; the Sovereign Pontiffs refused their sanction to the decrees of these assemblies. From twenty-one, Sixtus IV raised the number to fifty-three. In 1517 Leo X added twelve more, and Paul V, five. At a later period the celebrated Sixtus V, observing that the number corresponded with that of the ancients of the people of Israel, and of the disciples of our Divine Lord, decreed that hereafter the number seventy should never be exceeded. It is, however, very seldom that the number of seventy is filled up: but the popes frequently create Cardinals, whose names are reserved *in pectore*, in order to publish them whenever important circumstances may demand it. It was only as late as the year 1630, by a decree of the Sacred Congregation of Rites approved by Pope Urban VIII, that the Cardinals took the title of *Eminence*:—a title applicable to the Cardinals only.

The senior Cardinal, whether actually present in Rome or absent in the transaction of the affairs of the Holy See, is by right Dean of the Sacred College. He is the recognized representative of that august body. He receives the first visits of ambassadors; to him, next to the Pope, the newly elected Cardinals pay their first respects. He has a right to wear the Archiepiscopal Pallium, for to him alone belongs the power of consecrating the Sovereign Pontiff. The Cardinal *Camerlengo* is the representative of the temporal power of the Holy See, just as the Sacred College represents the spiritual power. During the vacancy of the Holy See, the Cardinal Camerlengo administers the affairs of the government assisted by three other cardinals, who are replaced every three days by three others according to their hierarchial dignity.

The apartments of the Cardinals during the Conclave are merely small cells, erected for the occasion in the great hall of the Quirinal Palace; and the choice of the cells is determined by lot. Of all the avenues leading to the Quirinal, the principal gateway alone is left open, but this is occupied by a strong military guard. The large window that opens upon the balcony of the palace is walled up, and this wall is not removed until a way is made through it, for the newly elected Pontiff to appear.

Every morning the members of the Conclave meet to vote, which is done in the following order: Each cardinal after having prostrated himself before the crucifix, advances to deposit his ballot in a gilt urn

placed upon the altar in the chapel in which they meet. The ballot is sealed and folded in a peculiar manner, and contains the name of the cardinal for whom it is cast, and the name of the cardinal voting, together with some motto taken from the sacred Scriptures; such as, "arise O Lord!" "all is vanity," "may the Lord be praised," &c. A ballot takes place every morning and evening. The ballots are then examined, and if no cardinal has obtained the necessary majority, the votes are immediately burnt. The strict privacy with which the proceedings of the Conclave is conducted is indeed remarkable. The most rigid means are adopted to prevent any correspondence, or any external influence on the deliberation of its members. Even the meals of the cardinals, which are daily conveyed to them, undergo the strictest scrutiny before they are admitted within the Conclave.

But to return from this digression to the Conclave in which the Cardinals were assembled who were to elect a successor to Gregory XVI.

It was Sunday the 15th of June when fifty-one Cardinals entered the Conclave in the Quirinal Palace. The sky, though usually bright at Rome, was overcast with clouds, and seemed to partake of the gloom which rested upon the city. The entire people wore the appearance of deep thoughtfulness, and even of sorrow; levity for the time was banished; every one seemed impressed with the importance of the deliberations then going on in the Quirinal. To add to the general depression, rumors the most alarming were circulated through the city. It was said that the Roman States deprived of a chief, were like an edifice erected on the crater of a volcano. At any moment the restless tide of evil passions, rousing into life the lava of popular tumult, might produce a terrible eruption. The usual delay of the Conclave was predicted, as there was nothing to warrant a speedy termination to its labors; and this delay was only wanting to bring the conspiracy into action. Every where it was loudly proclaimed that the widowhood of the Church was destined to be of long duration. It was asserted that the opposition of France and Austria would serve to produce this state of things. There can be little doubt, that the conspiracy against law and order, which afterwards burst forth and filled the Eternal City with desolation, was intended to have been matured during the interregnum. But God, in his overruling providence, defeated the designs of the enemies of his holy Church, by infusing an unanimity among the members of the Conclave, which has few examples in the history of the Church.

It was thus while alarms magnified by fear, had spread over the city, and filled every heart with sorrow and apprehension, that on a sudden, a shout of joy is heard in the direction of the Quirinal; it swells as it proceeds, and is soon re-echoed by ten thousand voices—*A new Pope is elected!* A few hours had sufficed to harmonize all contending elements among the Cardinals, if indeed any existed. The Sacred

College had united almost unanimously in the choice of a successor to Gregory XVI. This result so sudden, so unexpected, even by the Cardinals themselves, caused them to defer the proclamation until the following morning.

At an early hour the whole city was in commotion, as if on a day of the highest festival. The people rushed into the square of Mont-Cavallo, in front of the Quirinal, giving expression to their joy in the most enthusiastic acclamations. The immense square was soon filled by a mighty throng of all classes and all conditions of life. The acclamations had died away, and the multitude stood in breathless silence, when workmen began to make an opening in the wall that filled up the window of the balcony of the palace. The aperture grew rapidly larger, and in a few moments it was of sufficient size to allow the Cardinal Camerlengo to issue forth, his countenance beaming with joy. For a moment, the acclamations of the multitude burst forth like the roar of a mighty tempest, and then as if by enchantment, grew hushed into the stillness of death. The Cardinal advancing towards the people broke the silence in the following words:

"Romans, I announce to you good tidings of great joy: We have a Pope; the most eminent and most Rev. Cardinal John Mastai Feretti, who has taken the name of Pius the Ninth!" at the same time throwing down among the people a paper, containing in Italian, the words which he had just uttered.

The enthusiasm which broke forth on this announcement, is beyond description. *Vivats* and applause re-echoed from the piazza and avenues to the summits of the Quirinal, the Consulta, and the Palazzo Rospigliosi. The name of *Pius the Ninth* rose from a hundred thousand voices, and mingled with the roar of the cannons of St. Angelo, which shook the seven hills of the Eternal City. Immediately after the announcement, the members of the Conclave appeared upon the balcony wearing their violet-colored habit; and in a few moments the new Pope himself, distinguished from the Cardinals by his snow-white costume. This was a signal for the renewal of applause. The Holy Father was visibly affected by this spectacle; he acknowledged the applause by repeated inclinations of his head, and extending his hand blessed the people who testified towards him so much affectionate veneration. The acclamation continued until His Holiness quitted the balcony.

John Mary Mastai Feretti was born at Sinigaglia, a little city of the marsh of Ancona, on May 13th, 1792, of a noble and distinguished family. His childhood was distinguished by sentiments of virtue, giving promise, even in his earliest years of that greatness of soul which was to characterize his after life. Simple, modest, and good; indulgent to others, severe only to himself, he daily reduced to practice the divine teachings of the Church he was one day to govern. He was early

marked by his indifference to the pleasures of the world. He loved the silence of study, and never appeared better pleased than when he saw himself surrounded by the poor and the unfortunate, in order to assist them in their wants, and console them in their sorrows. The hospitals and prisons were his favorite places of resort, bestowing on the afflicted and the misguided words of hope and encouragement. He did all this not through motives of ostentation or vain display, but simply through charity and the love of his neighbor. Virtue was his ruling passion, as God, in all things, was his only motive. At the age of eighteen, he visited Rome, where he had not long resided, when he merited the favor and the powerful protection of His Holiness Pius VII, who was not slow in discovering the virtues of his protégé. The gates of the Vatican were open to him at all times, and he had the happiness of being admitted to the intimate friendship of the Sovereign Pontiff.

At this time he was attacked by a serious malady, and as he believed incurable. This was to the young Feretti a severe trial, more especially as he had destined himself for the profession of arms, and was on the point of entering the Noble Guard.* But the ways of God are not the ways of men. The malady was cured, and his attention directed to the ecclesiastical state by the following incidents.

His patron and friend, the venerable Pius VII, who had conceived for him a very great affection, and who was much grieved at his affliction, one morning sent him the following note written with his own hand :

"My dear Mastai, come and see me to-day at two o'clock. I have a communication to make to you from on high. Pius VII."

Accordingly at two o'clock Feretti entered the chamber of the Pope. The pontiff after giving him his hand to kiss, thus kindly addressed him :

"My dear child, have you ever thought of the holiness of the ecclesiastical state?"

"Yes, most Holy Father;" replied Mastai, "especially since the terrible malady with which God has thought proper to afflict me. The same obstacle that prevents me from embracing the career of arms, also prevents me from embracing the ecclesiastical state."

"That is true, my child; but you are young, and hope belongs to your age."

"But, Holy Father, there are some diseases which conquer youth; I feel that I shall never be cured."

"*Never* is a word that belongs to God alone," replied the Pope earnestly. "Doctors," he continued, "are often deceived; their condemnation is often the presage of recovery.—Hope and believe."

"In the doctors?" inquired Feretti.

* We have seen it stated on good authority that His Holiness never entertained the idea of joining the profession of arms, but always aspired to the ecclesiastical state.

"No, my child; but in God. His Son, who raised Lazarus from the tomb, can cure young Feretti, if such be his holy will. He will cure you, if I can believe my own secret representations, and your faith be sufficiently ardent, and your soul be sufficiently prepared to receive the visit of his grace."

To this young Mastai replied that he had the most unbounded confidence in the mercy and power of God.

"Very well, my child," said the Holy Father, "have confidence; unite your prayers with mine. For nine consecutive days, let us implore our Divine Lord and Master to grant you the cure which art refuses. Return at the end of nine days to receive at my hands the bread that giveth life eternal; and after that we shall see."

During the nine days succeeding this interview, the young invalid repaired to the church of Santa Maria degli Angeli, and there prostrated before a statue of the Mother of Jesus, he poured forth his most fervent prayers. On the ninth day agreeably to the request of the Pope, he repaired to the Vatican, and received the holy communion, with the most lively faith and confidence from the hands of the Holy Father.

From that day he began to recover; his looks became animated; the pallor of his features disappeared, and gave place to the bloom of youth. Nothing could exceed the joy of the venerable Pius VII when he witnessed this manifestation of the divine power in behalf of his protégé; and regarded the cure of young Feretti as an evident manifestation of the divine will that he was called to the ecclesiastical state. Mastai himself no longer doubted the designs of heaven in his regard, and with a heart overflowing with gratitude and joy hastened to enter upon those studies that would prepare him for the holy ministry. M.

To be continued.

CATHOLIC LITERATURE.

NEXT in importance to Catholic education, is the subject of Catholic literature. By the one, the young mind is expanded, its powers awakened, its faculties cultivated; by the other, it is supplied with a healthful food, which imparts to it new life and vigor, and preserves it free from the contagion of pestilential fevers that would infect and destroy it. In vain have we labored for the education of our children, if we have neglected to provide for them a literature that will tend to direct their young and expanding intellects to virtue and morality. In vain have we taught them the sublime lessons of religion, if these lessons are suffered to be obliterated from their minds by the poison distilled from the perusal of bad books.

It is not, however, our design in the following pages, to dwell so directly on the subject of Catholic literature, as to direct attention to its importance, by pointing to the blighting influences that follow from the pernicious and falsome literature which is daily poured upon the country. The evil consequences that arise from the dissemination of a corrupt literature, are far greater than is generally imagined. Its operations may be slow; time may be required to develop its strength, but its consequences are inevitably certain. As unwholesome food corrupts the blood and engenders disease in the human system, so does a demoralizing literature infuse into the very heart of society a poison that will enervate and destroy it. If we look back over the annals of nations, we can scarcely point to a single period, which has been marked by the atrocities of human nature, or a general convulsion in the moral and social order, whose advent has not also been marked by a general prevalence of pernicious and corrupting literature. No one will deny but that the infidel press of the last century paved the way for that great convulsion which deluged France and Europe in blood and devastation. A demoralizing press in its general sense, has ever been the grand medium through which the radicals of every class have sought to overturn society and poison the pure fountains of virtue and religion. When the barriers that guard the morality of a community are broken down by the unerring darts of licentious literature, the people become almost unconsciously familiarized with themes from which they were accustomed to turn with horror; vice loses its deformity, and crime usurps the place of virtue.

As it is of the utmost importance, especially for parents, to know what classes of books are dangerous to be placed in the hands of the young, it will not be out of place in this connection to point to those which may be freely placed in the catalogue of forbidden books.

First. Works of an open immoral tendency. Of this class, little is required to be said; for notwithstanding the degeneracy of the age, there is public virtue sufficient remaining to frown out of existence every attempt to circulate an openly immoral book.

Second. The second class are books which openly attack the teachings of religion, or indirectly assail the dogmas of Christianity. Such are the works generally of Gibbon, Hume, Paine and Voltaire. It would be useless to attempt to prove to Catholics the immense influence for evil, which these and similar works naturally exert on the minds of those who are tempted into this forbidden field, either for amusement or the desire of knowledge. Their action upon the mind is to unsettle and send it adrift—to relax, to deaden, to destroy Catholic life. Sound knowledge, strong faith, and great grace combined, alone preserve untainted the minds of those whose position lead them of necessity into these dangerous pastures. The danger of this class of works is so

great, and their character so well known, that it would seem almost useless labor to call the attention of Catholics to the subject. Nevertheless, experience proves that the danger is not sufficiently apprehended on the part of many. Within the range of our own limited knowledge, we could point to many Catholic young men who have suffered the shipwreck of their faith by reading the works of Gibbon, or the writings of Paine. With the increase of knowledge, this danger also increases. Catholic young men in their thirst for knowledge, trusting to their strength of intellect, or confiding in their faith, will be tempted into this field of literature wherein so many others have perished. If therefore our remarks shall serve to warn a single individual from the danger to be apprehended on this point, we shall feel that we have not written in vain.

Third. The third class of dangerous literature is that comprehended under the name of novels and romances. Under this head, a flood of the most pernicious literature is daily poured upon the land, in which crime is covertly encouraged, and vice is veiled beneath the beauties of an attractive style. The young and incautious are allured to the task of reading, and carried away by the fascinations of the page, they unconsciously imbibe a poison that blasts the mind, corrupts the heart, and brings death to the soul.

The following remarks of a distinguished and zealous clergyman, speaking of novel readers, bear out our own views on this subject:

"It is really saddening to behold the quantity of deleterious reading which finds its way into the hands of Catholics in these times. I have reason to know that thousands of Catholic readers daily regale themselves on draughts of poisonous literature, to which faith, teaching and counsel are an insufficient antidote. The spiritual and moral life is every day weakened, corrupted and destroyed in thousands of instances. Where their principles are not openly assailed, their hearts are gradually perverted; where virtue is not derided, vice is palliated and adorned. They read first with hesitation, then with pleasure, and finally with ardor. What had been commenced as an amusement, soon becomes an occupation and a schooling. They soon acquire a new set of principles, feelings and views, and every thing wholesome in religious or domestic life is equally insipid and disgusting. The Church loses its attraction, the sacraments their virtue, and a life worthless, if not wicked, shows the companionship into which they have fallen. . . . There never existed an habitual reader of the literature to which I allude, the waters of whose life were not fœtid, and whose heart was not corrupted!"

The great danger to be apprehended in the vast majority of novels, is, first, the false coloring they give to the realities of life. They represent things, especially in the domestic order, not as they really are, but as they existed in the disordered imagination of the writer. How many a thoughtless young lady has painted in the future partner of her life

all the perfections, that gallantry, that manly bearing, that handsome exterior, those virtues which she was accustomed to contemplate in some "gay Lothaire," the hero of her novel. But when her day-dream wakens into reality, the spell is broken; the veil which fancy had woven is drawn aside; she sees things in their true light. Disgust and disappointment follow; and if religion come not to her aid, a life of wretchedness intervenes. The second danger is the many improper delineations, and the utter disregard of the moral principle which pervade many, even popular novels. Every one acquainted with this class of literature, will readily admit this fact. Were it necessary, we could name more than one work of the novel order, now in extensive circulation in the country, which no moral young man *can* read, and no virtuous young lady *would* read. Nevertheless, they find numerous readers. If the language be not openly obscene, little regard is paid to the ideas they awaken, or the conceptions they give rise to. Take for example, the works of Eugene Sue. What author is more corrupt in his writings than this French Socialist? Yet what author is better known even in this country than Eugene Sue?

Among the dangers which surround Catholic youth in this country, that arising from the influence of bad books, is one of the greatest. Among persons beyond the portals of the Catholic Church, with few exceptions, little regard is paid to the character of the books they read. Even the salutary restraint which the Church has placed on indiscriminate reading, is to them a subject of ridicule, and her Index is pointed to as a standing monument of the tyranny of Rome over the human intellect. With companions entertaining these ideas, Catholic youth come daily in contact. With these they associate; they meet with them in the workshop, the counting-room, the halls of amusement, and in the retreats of literature. Books the most obnoxious are thrown in their way. Friendship, fashion, example, impel them to read, and where these fail, they are taunted with the insinuation that they are allowed to read only what the priest permits. Nothing except strong faith and genuine piety can resist this influence and preserve Catholic youth from entering the field of forbidden literature.

But there is another danger on this point, equally as great as that arising from the contact of Catholic children with non-Catholic companions, and one that shows most clearly the importance and the necessity of a literature that may be freely and safely placed in the hands of Catholic youth. There is nothing more dreaded by parents who feel the true interests of their children, than bad company. Hence the most strenuous efforts are made to keep them from associating with those whose conduct might corrupt their innocence or endanger their morals. On this account they are kept as much as possible out of company. But in order to beguile the tediousness of the hour and to

give a charm to home, they are supplied with books of entertainment. But while parents are endeavoring to avoid one danger, they fall into another. The books they select for their children are often equally as pernicious and destructive to the mind and morals of their children as bad company. Catholic parents are often bad judges of the works suitable for their children. How frequently have we heard the good, pious Catholic mother exclaim with an air of satisfaction, on taking up perhaps some most fulsome novel: "O! this is the very work that will suit my daughter;" unconscious, perhaps, of the deadly venom that lies concealed beneath the beauty of its pages—without reflecting that perhaps that single book, which may be read in a day, may be the means of destroying in the mind of that child of her affection, all the fruits of a virtuous education.

In directing the attention of our readers to the dangerous consequences that flow from indiscriminate novel reading, we would be far from condemning all works of fiction. But if we are to have a literature of this class, let it be from an approved standard. Let it be free from those deleterious ingredients which blight the soul and infect the heart; in a word, let it be Catholic.

In Catholic literature alone will be found the antidote to the pernicious influence of the current publications of the day. On Catholics themselves devolves the responsible duty of supplying this literature. If Catholic literature, apart from that which is devotional, or directly religious, has not attained that standard, which the position, influence, and number of Catholics in the country demand; if it has failed to meet the wants of the Catholic body, it has not been for the want of Catholic talent, or the energy of Catholic publishers, but for the want of Catholic patronage. Let Catholics but discharge the duty which they owe to themselves and the community, and there shall be no want of books which they can place in the hands of the young without endangering their faith or morals.

PHILIP, the second king of Spain, had once spent several hours of the night in writing a long letter to the Pope, and having finished it, gave it to his secretary to fold it up and seal it. The secretary was half asleep, and instead of shaking the sand-bottle over it in order to dry it, he emptied that which contained the ink by mistake, so that all the ink ran out upon the letter and completely spoiled it; perceiving the accident, he was ready to drop with confusion. Upon which, the king, without showing the least indignation, said nothing but this: "Well, give me another sheet of paper;" and then began to write the letter over again with great peace and tranquility.

SKETCHES FROM IRISH HISTORY.—No. I.

LIMERICK—ITS HISTORY—ITS SIEGES, AND ITS VIOLATED TREATY.

THE name of Limerick, distinguished in history as the "City of the Violated Treaty," awakens a train of reminiscences, as dear to the Irish heart, as they are deeply interesting to the general reader. From an early period, this celebrated city held a high rank among the cities of Ireland, and was second only to that of the capital. Before its walls the Anglo-Normans were defeated; the sturdy Ironsides of Cromwell were repulsed, and the victorious legions of William III were taught to respect Irish valor.

Like most of the Irish seaports it was during the ninth and tenth centuries in the possession of those troublesome enemies of Ireland, the Danes. Between these fierce invaders and the native inhabitants, many sanguinary contests took place, and no long interval of peace was allowed until the race of the sea kings was expelled from the country. At this period Limerick was a place of much importance; for at the time of the invasion of the English, it was the capital of the province, and the seat of the kings of Thomond, or North Munster, who were called the kings of Limerick. During the troubles that followed the invasion, the city was alternately in the possession of the English and the Irish; but on the death of Strongbow it was restored to the keeping of the native prince, who agreed to govern it in the name of the king of England. The famous castle, built by king John more than six centuries ago, still endures, having survived the many assaults which the city has subsequently sustained. In the reign of Elizabeth, Limerick shared the vicissitudes of the period, and during the contest between Charles I and the parliament, the city became the scene of a fierce and bloody battle. During the Commonwealth, Ireton, the son-in-law of Cromwell, invested Limerick and besieged it closely for six months. The city finally capitulated, and a treaty was signed granting to the inhabitants their lives and their property, excepting twenty individuals, including the brave governor O'Neil. The city was then delivered to the deputy-general, "for the use of the parliament and the commonwealth of England." The sufferings of the garrison and the inhabitants were almost incredible. The troops had the appearance rather of skeletons than of men, so far were they reduced by disease and incessant labors. Many of them dropped dead as they advanced without the city to the spot where they were directed to deposit their arms. In conformity with the ruthless practice of the period, Ireton immediately proceeded to wreak his vengeance upon those who had been most active in the defence of the city. A strict search was made for those who

were exempted from the terms of the capitulation. O'Brien, the bishop of Emly, together with General Purcel and "Francis Wolfe the friar," were found concealed in the pest-house, and after undergoing a sham trial by court-martial were inhumanly executed. The bishop was distinguished not only for his exalted piety, but equally for his patriotism and courage. To his activity and persuasive eloquence were mainly attributable the resolution with which the garrison so long defended the city. It is related that Ireton during the siege offered him forty thousand pounds and a passport to any other kingdom, if he would leave the city. He refused this offer heroically, in consequence of which he was exempted from pardon, and condemned to be beheaded. He bore his sentence with resignation, and behaved in his last moments with the most manly courage. He addressed Ireton in the spirit of prophecy; accusing him of the utmost cruelty and injustice, he declared that he should meet him in a few days before the tribunal of God. And so it happened. Ireton having soon caught the plague which had for some time raged in the city, died on the eighth day after the execution of the bishop, raging and uttering in his last moments that his untimely end was a just judgment of his cruel and unjust condemnation of the illustrious prelate. O'Droyer, the bishop of Limerick, escaped in the disguise of a common soldier; and the life of O'Neil, the governor of the city, whose brave and heroic conduct gained even the admiration of his judges, was spared by a single voice.

Having taken this hasty glance at the sad picture presented by the annals of Limerick, from the day that the Anglo-Saxons set foot on the shores of Ireland, we come to a more conspicuous and more important page in its history, wherein are recorded the resistance made to the arms of William III, and "the violated treaty," which resulted from the subsequent surrender of the city. The battle of the Boyne had been fought, and James II, the cowardly king, had quitted Ireland, and taken refuge in France. William now determined to prosecute the war with redoubled energy. Accordingly in August, 1690, he concentrated his forces and sat down before the city, and summoned it to surrender. To this, Boileau, the French general who commanded the garrison in the name of James, returned a resolute refusal. The siege was at once commenced. The city was amply supplied with provisions, and was well garrisoned. Its natural strength had been considerably augmented; it was fortified by walls, batteries and ramparts, and defended by a castle. The flower of the Irish army was within its walls, or in its immediate neighborhood. Among the Irish officers, Sarsfield, whom James had created Earl of Lucan, was the most distinguished. For intrepidity, heroic valor, and patriotism, Sarsfield had few equals, and had he been entrusted with the chief command, history might have had to record a different termination to the war. Many instances are recorded

of his bold and adventurous daring, and of the skill with which he executed the most hazardous exploits.

On one occasion, having learned from a deserter that the English were sending a large supply of artillery stores from Dublin to the camp before Limerick, Sarsfield resolved to intercept the convoy; and for that purpose set out with a chosen body of 500 horse. He lurked during the day among the mountains, and at night when the English had turned their horses loose to graze, and were sleeping in fancied security, the Irish dragoons burst in upon them with a terrific shout, and slew or made prisoners of the whole party. Sarsfield, however, finding it impossible to convey the prize to Limerick, spiked the cannon and buried them in the earth; then collecting all the stores into one vast pile over the powder taken in the train, he applied a match and blew the entire collection into fragments. The shock produced by the explosion was plainly felt in the English camp, which was only a few miles distant. Sarsfield, taking with him the horses of the enemy, and being well acquainted with the passes of the mountain, easily made his way back to Limerick, though large bodies of the English troops were on the alert to intercept him.

This bold adventure amazed the prince of Orange; and he was heard to say that he did not think Sarsfield capable of so able a manœuvre. The siege, however, was continued with the utmost vigor. Thirty pieces of artillery played incessantly upon the walls. A breach was at length effected and a body of six thousand men mounted to the assault, but they were met by the brave defenders, and hurled back with a heavy loss. The breach was increased, and the enemy returned with augmented numbers and resolution to a second assault; again they were repulsed, not only with the loss of many lives, but were even pursued to their very camp. Discouraged by these defeats, the siege was abandoned for the present, and the English army under General Ginkle marched to Birr, having first set fire to the houses in which the sick and wounded were confined.

This was previous to the battle of Aughrim, in which the commander of the Irish forces, Saint Ruth, was killed. After this disastrous battle the Irish forces under the command of D'Usson and Sarsfield, again retired to Limerick, to which the English under General Ginkle again laid siege, and carried it on with the most determined vigor. Night and day the cannon and bombs were discharged against the place. It was defended with equal resolution and bravery by the besieged, but at length, the provisions of the garrison being exhausted, the Irish generals thought it more prudent to accept the conditions proposed by the enemy and save what troops remained, than to perish by famine. Accordingly a treaty was entered into and signed on the 13th of October, 1691, on terms the most honorable to the vanquished. Scarcely had

the treaty been signed, when the assistance which the Irish army had hourly expected arrived. Only two days after the date of that instrument, a French fleet, having on board a large supply of men, arms, and ammunition, cast anchor in the Shannon. But Irish honor was pledged, and this honor must remain inviolable. No offers, however flattering, could induce the Irish leaders to violate the treaty, though the power to do so was entirely within their reach.

By the terms of the treaty the inhabitants of Limerick, including the garrison, had full permission, not only to leave the city, but also the kingdom, if they thought proper, and to take with them all their chattels, plate, jewels, &c. Vessels were even provided for conveying them and their property to any foreign country. The English generals had thought that but very few would be willing to go into exile, but they were surprised to witness the number that preferred to share the fate of their king, and enter the service of a foreign prince, rather than submit to the laws of usurpation at home. The Irish army, according to agreement, was drawn up outside the city near Quine Abbey. The English generals and other officers of high rank, advanced from the British camp to meet them and rode slowly along the line, and were received with music and presented arms. It was agreed by the rival commanders that the troops should be addressed by the leaders on both sides, and then at a given signal they should march by a flag raised at a certain point, where all those who wished to enlist in the English service should file off; while all those who desired to embark for France should proceed onward. Sarsfield gave the word, "march." Profound silence reigned throughout the whole mass: no sound was heard except the steady tramp of the Irish soldiers as they advanced, until the solemnity of the scene was broken by the shouts of the multitude when the advanced battalion, "the royal regiment of guards," fourteen hundred strong, reached the flag-staff; and all with the exception of seven—passed on! Of the whole Irish army only three thousand chose to remain in the country, and many of these obtained permission to return to their homes. The remainder, to the number of nearly twenty thousand, subsequently embarked for France, and laid the foundation of the famous "Irish brigades," which occupied so distinguished a position in the subsequent wars of Europe.

The treaty of Limerick having been signed, was subsequently ratified by their majesties William and Mary, and every solemnity given to the instrument which was thought necessary to render its articles inviolable. We come now to see how flagrantly its provisions were violated by the British government. This treaty most solemnly guaranteed to the Catholics of Ireland the most ample freedom in the exercise of their religion, declaring that no oath should be required of them, except that of allegiance. The very first section of the treaty declared that:

"The Roman Catholics of Ireland shall enjoy such privileges in the exercise of their religion . . . as they did in the reign of Charles II : and their majesties (William and Mary), as soon as these affairs will permit them to summon a parliament in this kingdom (Ireland), will endeavor to procure the said Roman Catholics such further security in that particular as may preserve them from any disturbance on account of their said religion."

But scarcely were these promises made upon paper, when they were faithlessly broken. The treaty was vehemently denounced by the Anglo-Irish, as "unreasonably favorably," and as securing from confiscation the property of such of the Catholics as had escaped the Cromwellian forfeiture. Not a few openly declared that a treaty with Catholics was not binding. Bigotry and interest combined to render the compact nugatory. An open disregard for its provisions was wide-spread among the partisans of the king, and no effort was made on the part of the government to secure its fulfilment. A year had scarcely elapsed when an act of parliament was passed declaring that "no Roman Catholic should come to dwell in or inhabit the city or suburbs of Limerick or the town of Galway, and the then Roman Catholic residents should depart out of said city and town" within a given time. By the provisions of the statute, called "an act to prevent the increase of popery," passed within three years after the ratification of the treaty, it was prohibited under pain of *præmunire* to convert any one to the Catholic faith, or for Catholics to send their children abroad to be educated, while Catholic colleges and schools were interdicted, and Catholics prohibited from teaching under the most rigorous penalties. At almost every subsequent meeting of parliament, the Catholics experienced new proofs of severity. In 1697, all archbishops, bishops and other ecclesiastics, as well as all members of religious orders, were commanded to quit the kingdom by the first of May the following year; and it was ordained that all those who should be discovered after the expiration of that period, should be imprisoned in the public jail until they could be sent beyond the seas, and if any one had the boldness to return, he was declared guilty of high treason. By other acts the Irish nobility were deprived of their arms and horses; they were debarred from purchasing land, from being members of the bar, or filling any public office; and in direct violation of the ninth article of the treaty, they were subjected to the most infamous oaths.

Thus were the Catholics of Ireland treated in defiance of the provisions of the most solemn compact. The perfidy of England in her flagrant violation of this treaty, stands forth in bold relief; no words can excuse it; no language can palliate it. The name of Limerick, the "city of the violated treaty," will perpetuate it while language shall endure.

POETRY.

WHEN the Almighty and Beneficent Creator prepared this world as a habitation for man, He did not rest satisfied with having provided useful things merely, but superadded another quality to adorn and make attractive every object—this quality is called Beauty. Everything that God has made is beautiful, when seen from the proper point of view; but this proper point of view was lost by the disobedience of our first parents. This lost position is partially regained in some favored moments; when our hearts are grateful, our minds in a certain attitude, and time and place concurring, we see beauty in every pathway without stint or measurement. Many of the saints indeed, have stood in the same relation to animated nature as Adam did before his transgression. Even now, the beauty of the external world is inexhaustible; and also the higher regions of thought, and the mysterious and unfathomable store-house of human feeling—these, in our loving humanity, are still left the foot-prints of the divine.

This certain attitude of mind is required however, the providential arrangement of time and place, all in the fitting relation to each other, or the most precious things will appear common-place, or perhaps positively ugly. To the eye that is clouded with sorrow the most beautiful objects bring no charm; loss and grief can turn the stars into tear-drops and wither all the verdure of the world. And the mind, when filled with triumph, is not depressed by the frowns of external nature.

From the earliest times down to our own, the perception of this beauty, either in the material world, or in the thoughtful actions of human beings, or in vision of the world of spirits, the perception of this beauty and the consequent feeling of thankfulness to God, have inspired a class of persons to sing, that they may in their songs make beauty immortal. For, gratitude and the love of beauty, is the origin of all poetry; and also the finest motives to the practice of religion. The sordid and dissatisfied man will see no splendor round the setting sun; the mild radiance of the rising moon, circled about with all her starry fays, will not lift his mind to the wonderful Maker and Mover of so much beauty; the sublimity of lightning and thunder, the terrible magnificence of the storm, will be but hindrance and annoyance to the thankless soul.

The poetic spirit manifest herself in various ways—in music, in painting, in sculpture, and so intimately are they connected that each one exhibits some quality possessed by the other; but the largest, finest, and most enduring expression of this spirit is in *painted, sculptured, musical verse*. The picture is one-sided—it can give you but *one* view, and no more; the statue is cold, colorless, and moveless; the music appeals to feeling alone, and would in itself be indefinite if not married to thoughts and words; but true poetry contains the excellences of all these three—the charm of color, and expression of human feeling beyond the range of painting, more dignified and enduring than marble statue or brazen monument, speaks the language both of the intellect and heart; and has, besides, the power of varied movement, and a flight swifter and stronger than the eagle's. As flowers are to the vegetable world—as beauty is to the visible creation—as good deeds are to the common selfish actions of men—so is poetry to literature.

If we consider also how little the poet asks of the material of the world for the production of his work, we must be struck with the eminence of his gift. The painter must have his pencils, his colors, and his canvas; the sculptor must have his clay, his modeling tools, his chisels, and his marble; but a scrap of paper and a pen are the only tools the poet requires to do that which may last for thousands of years, and touch a chord within the heart when the colors will have long since faded, and the stone crumbled into dust.

Like all the finer gifts of God, the poetic faculty descends on mankind with a divine impartiality; heedless of what we call the artificial distinctions of human society. The prince and the peasant alike have felt the genial fire; the beggar and the lord; the patrician Byron and the "blind old man of Scio's rocky isle." The universality of its appreciation also shows the largeness of the domain of song; and the history of all nations proves that poetry is for all ages, that as long as the world exists, as long as the human race dwells thereon, and retains the human heart; while victory alights on the plumed helmet of the warrior, or gratitude encircles the brows of the sage heroes of peace—while human or divine love awakes a new life within the soul, there will be found poets to write and poetic minds to read and enjoy the record. For the secret of the poet's power is, that heart answers to heart all the earth over, that "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin"—that God has made of one blood all the nations and all the generations of this many peopled globe, and that is the argument on which he speaks! Having glanced at its existence, its universality, and its independence of time, it is necessary to inquire what poetry is and how it is to be known?

Many definitions have been given of this "humanist and most divine of arts." It has been called "The short of thought," "The most fit words in the most fit places," "The fairest side of truth," &c., but the following short sentence will express it better than these: *It is beautiful and sublime truth—beautifully and sublimely expressed.*

There are many worthy people who would much rather have the truth plainly stated in good honest prose, than dressed in the garb of poetry. And as it is an impossibility for any one to like music who has not in some measure a musical ear, so it will be impossible for such people to appreciate the beauties of poetic composition. They will see very little difference between the baldest piece of prose and the most exquisite and musical verse. If they praise a poem it will be from imitation, or on the authority of some one in whose perception, judgment, and good taste, they have confidence. This is a defect in the constitution of the minds of such persons, similar to the inability to distinguish colors. It is true there are many common facts in life which do not admit of poetic clothing; but if the subject be pure, or beautiful, or grand, the fitness of things requires that the language of poetry be used in its expression. Rhyme may be where there is no poetry; and the glingling of the final syllables is rather pleasant than otherwise: it also requires more art in the making than ordinary prose, but it does not possess any more of the elevating power. The following is an example:

"Hell is a city much like London—
A populous and a smoky city;
There are all sorts of people undone,
And there is little or no fun done;
Small justice shown and still less pity.

There is great talk of revolution,
 And a great chance of despotism—
 German sceptics—camps, confusion,
 Tumults—lotteries—rage—delusion—
 Gin—suicide—and methodism!

Lawyers, judges—old hobnobbers
 Are there—bailiffs—chancellors—
 Reformers, great and little robbers—
 Rhymesters—pamphleteers—stockjobbers—
 Men of glory in the wars.

Thrusting, toiling—wailing, moiling—
 Frowning—preaching, such a riot—
 Each with never ceasing labor,
 While he thinks he cheats his neighbor,
 Cheating his own heart of quiet.

With people of false taste there is a great deal of rhyme which passes for poetry; but if the composition do not tend to refine and elevate it is not poetry, though the rhymes be ever so good, and the feet of the verse perfect.

Let us compare with each other the following descriptions of the same place. The city of Venice is built upon 73 islands in the Adriatic sea. Formerly its wealth and magnificence were very great; subject lands looked to it in wonder. A bridge, called the "Bridge of Sighs," forms the communication between the ducal palace and the prisons.

But the poet gives to his description an elevation of sentiment, and flings around the city some of its own "dying glory:"

"I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs;
 A palace and a prison on each hand;
 I saw from out the wave her structures rise
 As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand;
 A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
 Around me, and a dying glory smiles
 O'er the far times, when many a subject land
 Looked to the winged lion's marble piles,
 Where Venice sat in state, throned on her hundred isles!"

It is not necessary to multiply examples, showing rhyme which is not poetry, or the difference between true poetry and prose; so we may divide this royal domain, for convenience sake, into three fields—we may say *higher* and *lower fields*.

The first then, and the lowest, is simple poetic description of the beauties of external nature.

The second occupies the largest and middle ground, and deals with the more hidden forces of nature as connected with the thoughts and affections of mankind; love, grief, war, peace, &c.

The third and highest is the regions of the imagination; and the sublime subjects disclosed by religion, which links the destiny of man with angels, and saints, and God—or with fiends and darkness.

The better to show these three fields, I will present specimens from each; not perhaps the best of their kind, but yet sufficiently distinct to enable you to per-

ceive the difference between them. A poem of considerable pretension will range through all the three fields; and there are very few poems that are confined exclusively to any one of them.

Here is described one of the hot noons of summer :

"Home from his morning task the swain retreats,
His flock before him stepping to the fold;
While the full-uddered mother lows around
The cheerful cottage, there expecting food,
The food of innocence and health! The daw,
The rook, and magpie, to the gray grown oaks
That the calm village in their verdant arms
Sheltering, embrace, direct their lazy flight;
Where mingling on the boughs they sit embowered,
All the hot noon till cooler hours arise.
Faint, underneath, the household fowls convene;
And in a corner of the buzzing shade
The house dog, with the vacant greyhound, lies
Outstretched and sleepy."

The productions from this lowest field are very numerous, easily understood and generally appreciated.

If an artist paint a landscape with cows, knee deep in clover, or chewing lazily in the shadow of a tree, or drinking at the rivulet that runs through the meadow—every one that has climbed after birds' nests, or enjoyed the shadow of a rock on a hot day, or rolled among grass, or caught minnows in the brook with a crooked pin, or drank milk, will appreciate that picture. So it is with this kind of poetry; the habits of the dumb creatures below us are painted; our need of their assistance to diminish our labor, watch for us, or give us food, has produced in us an affectionate interest in their actions which, when produced naturally and gracefully by the painter, or poet, we dwell upon with delight.

The following musical lines, descriptive of twilight, will show that common things and ordinary appearances may be shown in very beautiful language, when the rhythmus accords with the feeling of the scene :

"There breathes a living fragrance from the shore
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar;
At intervals some bird from out the brakes
Starts into life a moment—then is still.
There is a floating whisper on the hill,
But that is fancy, for the star-light dews
All silently their tears of love instill,
Weeping themselves away?"

In this field, a graceful imitation of nature, a discriminating selection of beautiful subjects, and the rejection of whatever is unsuitable, is all that is required. If, however, the objects and actions of mere nature be made by the poet to correspond to something *in man*, a *moral* beauty is immediately added; material things then become subordinate and auxiliary to the moral sentiment. As in the following, which is also part of a twilight picture :

"The fragrance of the wilding rose
Breathes sweetly from the hidden banks—
Like one who gives, nor cares for thanks,
But does his good when no one knows."

Here we do not care much for the fragrance of the wild rose, but we dwell with delight on the moral beauty of the man doing good by stealth. Listen again, how beautifully the fleetingness of pleasure is represented by natural images:

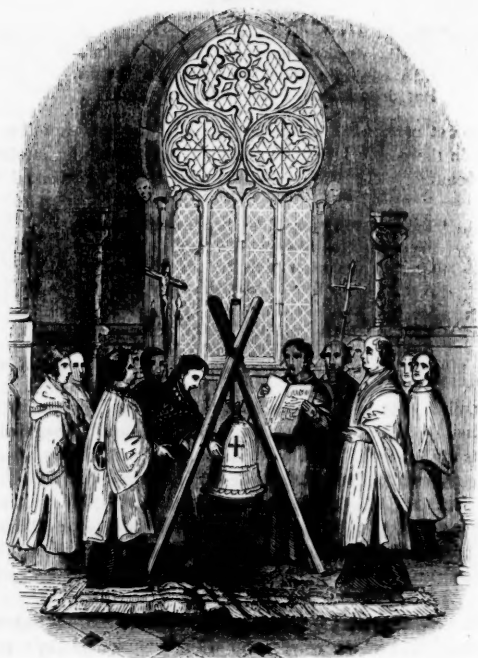
"But pleasures are like poppies spread;
We seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow falls in the river—
A moment white—then lost forever;
Or like the borealis race
That shift ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm!"

Wherever, then, the appearances of nature are used poetically to suggest something that belongs peculiarly to the thoughts and feelings of man, the poem belongs to the second field. For though green meadows, sparkling waters, or azure mountains, have all beauties of their own, and though they give us corn and fish, yet if they stop short with themselves, if they do not suggest hopes and memories which are not theirs—they are only like the back ground to the picture. What interest would a traveler have in looking at "Bleak Thermopylæ's sepulchral strait" if he had never heard of Leonidas and his three hundred?

Or, take for example, the Ocean—*alone*, it is a beautiful and sublime object; but place among these rolling waves, and against that lonely sky a vessel, bearing within her frail walls the daring, wise, and pious Columbus, and his mutinous crew—and how much moral grandeur is added to the picture? The representation of any beautiful action, or suffering, springing from love, or a brave sense of duty, we will always like in picture or poem, to the extent of our appreciation. For the principal object in nature is man, with his smiles and tears; his lookings before and after, his strivings, his defeats, and his hopes; and the whole dumb, unconscious creation stands behind him for a background. The diamond is set in gold—and this beautiful outward creation is the gold setting, to the more beautiful diamond—*Humanity*.

The picture of a battle field enlists our sympathies, because there we see the highest exhibition of man's physical and intellectual nature. We see his courage, his powers of endurance, his powers of destruction; and in some way we are proud of them, even if we deplore the necessity of war. We feel too for the bleeding stripling, parched with thirst, or trampled under the armed heels of horses. Our nature is stirred up; we hope that these broken squadrons retreating in confusion may be the bloody English, or the bloody Irish, or the bloody Frenchmen—according to our affection; and though we may never have been in battle, yet, by the help of early recollections of bloody noses and cut lips, and by measuring small things with great, we enter into the feelings of the scene.

To be continued.



BLESSING A BELL.

THERE is nothing, perhaps, in the Catholic Church, which strikes the Protestant mind more forcibly than that spirit of holiness which attaches to every thing connected with religious ceremonial. Not only is her blessing imparted to her children, but to every material object employed in her services. The water with which her children are regenerated at the font of baptism, is blessed; the chrism which marks the forehead of those who approach the holy Sacrament of Confirmation, also receives her benediction; the church, the altar, the vestments, the sacred vessels, the tapers which burn in her sanctuary, the bell which proclaims to the faithful the hour of prayer, are solemnly dedicated. In all this, the Church would remind her children of that holiness which should ever adorn their lives; of that purity which becomes them as candidates for heaven. Bells used in churches, like every thing else employed in the service of religion, are usually blessed. The ceremonies employed on the occasion are deeply interesting and instructive. The bell is elevated, as seen in the picture, in some convenient part of the church, or in the belfry, where the ceremony is performed by the priest or bishop. The bells are usually dedicated under the name and patronage of some saint, and have one or more sponsors. The names of the bell and the sponsors are sometimes inscribed on the outer surface of the bell.

CHRISTUS JUDEX.

A TRAVELER'S TALE.

CHAPTER I.—*The Picture.*

OF all the beautiful villages which the tourist contemplates with enraptured eye, as he descends from the Alps into the plains of Lombardy, Acqua Chiara is certainly not the least enchanting. Whether it was founded in the old Roman times by some ardent worshipper of nature's beauties, or, like many another picturesque village, was indebted for its origin to mere accident, I can not precisely say. To the first conjecture I am, however, most inclined, for Acqua Chiara is located on the precise spot where it not only appears to the best advantage itself, but also commands the most fascinating views afforded by the Lago Dorno. This is one of those charming little lakes, so common in that country, which, as their basin lies between the sinking spurs of the distant Alpine chain, are long, narrow, and winding in shape, and disclose at every turn some new and unexpected combination of light and shade, water and sky, wood and rock, hamlet, chateau, island, hill, dale, and snowy mountain. However, at present it is not my intention to describe the village or its beauties, but to tell of an incident that befell me there about sixteen years ago, which was of rather a singular character.

The sun was just setting behind a tall mountain in the west, as, weary and foot-sore, I entered the village and directed my steps to the first inn that made its appearance. But, neither the smiling "Ben arrivato, signor," of the bustling host, nor the substantial supper—for which I was indebted to my unmistakably outlandish air—nor the merry laughing of a group of young people dancing and singing under a large tree over the way, having succeeded in rousing me from a kind of gloominess into which I sometimes cannot help falling, I retired to my chamber at an early hour in the hope of recruiting my exhausted energies by a good night's rest. In this I was completely disappointed. I tossed and tumbled about some hours, but could not fall asleep. At last, I rose, dressed, and, tempted by the brilliancy of the moon, and the coolness of the night, raised the window and, the room being on the ground-floor, went out. After wandering about for some time, I found myself in front of the village church. The door was not locked, and, yielding to a habit my good grandmother taught me many years ago, I soon found myself saying a few prayers before the altar.

The moonlight streaming brightly in at the windows rendered every thing around almost as visible as in the day-time. There was little interior ornament to be seen, but my attention was soon so completely engrossed by one object, that, to gaze at it, I disregarded every thing else. Right over the altar hung a large painting containing a single figure. It did not represent the Crucifixion, as such pictures usually do; on the contrary, the figure, of which I could distinctly see only the head, seemed to be sitting. But this head affected me most strangely. It was the profile of a pale, noble countenance gazing sorrowfully yet immovably on some heart-rending sight. Oh! the sternness of that brow—though the eye was mild and the mouth gentle and loving. And the chin—it was the embodiment of inexorability. It told of strict justice but no mercy.

It might have passed for the face of Brutus superintending the preparations for the execution of his sons. Such an idea indeed at first occurred to me, but of course it was instantly rejected. Notwithstanding the relentlessness displayed in these lineaments, there was something so surpassingly divine about the whole head that I needed not to take into consideration the position of the picture to be assured that *that* was the beatified countenance of the Lord Christ.

But the most surprising feature of the case was, that it was neither the beauty, nor the divine expression, nor the awful sternness of the countenance, that affected me now. In other circumstances these wonders of art would have fully impressed my mind with their proper charms, but they were now completely disregarded, and my feelings partook only of the most profound astonishment. *I had seen that head before!* That countenance was as familiar to me as my father's face, and yet I could not remember where I had seen it! I had never been in the country before. In fact, it was only my second day in Italy. In vain I recalled to my mind the few faces I had thought deserving particular notice during my travels. Not one possessed the most distant resemblance to that grand, impressive countenance, gazing up there so sorrowfully yet with such an expression of inflexible rigor.

And yet the longer I contemplated it, the more intimately I found myself acquainted with every turn of the outline. That peculiarly-shaped brow, straight and towering—that slightly aquiline nose, so suggestive of power and resolution—those lips so forcibly drawn in, as it were to repress or conceal their quivering—that chin, so square, so fixed, so feelingless—all these I had often gazed on before, often had studied with such interest that the very sight of them now forcibly recalled to my mind the various reveries into which I had often fallen, while beholding them. Sometimes these features had filled my imagination with the idea of a mighty monarch slowly leading his disciplined legions to battle against a tumultuous host of his subjects who had formerly regarded him with affection and reverence, but who now, instigated by some fanatical watchword, are madly arrayed in arms against him. At other times, every warlike expression would melt away, and the features become those of a Genie beneficent but submissive to command, who, being appointed by a higher power to superintend some direful punishment, would have willingly declined the task but is now regretfully preparing for its strict and merciless execution. And at other times, I well recollected, these features had seemed to bear the expression which the countenance of one of the giants of old might assume, if he now looked out of his grave and saw all the traces of his brethren's long sojourn on this earth swept away for ever from its surface, and their places filled by a race, active indeed at present and full of life, yet thoughtless of the future, and destined, as he well knew, themselves and their possessions, to undergo a doom as absolute, as complete and as utterly inevitable as that which had befallen their now forgotten predecessors.

These and similar thoughts recurring to my imagination at the present moment, almost instantaneously, at the sight of this picture, convinced me beyond all doubt that I had seen the face before. Something merely dreamed of could not have left such vivid impressions, and no face with which I had not been at least for some time intimately acquainted could have excited such a continuous chain of ideas. Neither my father's humble cottage in distant America, nor our little village church, had contained any picture capable of attracting my

attention or of exciting my imagination so powerfully, and the splendid master pieces of the continent I had merely glanced at, or omitted to notice altogether, reserving for some future occasion a critical examination of their charms. None of my relations or intimate friends, none of the great men, either of my own country, or of the few whom I had contrived to see in Europe, bore features in the least degree resembling these.

Whose were they then? This question I asked in vain. I felt as if in a dream, and my brain was so heated by the perplexity that the cool night air sweeping over me as I left the church hardly recovered me.

Late as it was, the landlord stood at the door on my return.

"I have been to your church," said I.

"The signor is fond of praying by moonlight."

"I might have prayed, but"

"The signor is pale; has he seen a ghost?"

"Not exactly—something nearly as bad."

"Ah—some furious brigand"

"No, nothing of the kind—Who painted the picture over the altar of your church?"

"The signor has seen our picture?"

"I wish to know who painted that picture and whom it represents."

"The signor takes uncommon interest in our picture."

"With good reason. I am intimately acquainted with the person that bore those features."

"Basta! The signor has a good memory."

"Have the kindness," said I, earnestly, "to answer one or two questions. How long is that picture there?"

"Exactly one hundred and fifty years, come to-morrow."

"One hundred and fifty years! Impossible. The picture over the altar!"

"There is but one picture in the church and that is over the altar. *Il Cristo giudicante*.—The Judging Christ. This day one hundred and fifty years ago it was hung up in the church, and to-morrow we celebrate its one hundred and fiftieth anniversary. We are proud of that picture, signor. It was a native of our own village, Acqua Chiara, who painted it. He is our only great artist, it is true, but he was a *great* one. You can see his tomb to-morrow covered with flowers."

How much further the voluble *Locandiere*, who evidently took me for a Protestant, may have gone, I do not now remember; for his extraordinary assertion regarding the hundred and fifty years succeeded in completely bewildering me. Here was mystery upon mystery. At first, the greatest and most puzzling difficulty had been to decide to which of my acquaintances these features belonged. But now, it appeared they were those of a being not only not in existence at present but who had lived one hundred and fifty years ago! I must have been mistaken. I had perhaps been led astray by some imperfect resemblance and my heated imagination had easily supplied what was wanting. In the present state of my feelings, this was not at all unlikely, and to-morrow I should probably laugh heartily at my mystification. Thus I tried to reason with myself for a moment, but the least reflection immediately showed the exceeding improbability of this new supposition. The impression made on my mind originally by these features had been too distinct, too deep to admit of the

possibility of a mistake now. The moment I saw them I had recognized them and, what was more, they had called up the very same train of ideas (from their familiarity I must have been entertaining them for a long time) as I had often fallen into formerly when contemplating the original, somewhere or other, at my leisure.

Feverish and restless, I lay awake all night, harassing myself in a fruitless attempt to solve these irreconcilable difficulties, and it was only towards morning that I could at last obtain a few hours of undisturbed repose.

To be continued.

CHRISTIAN FESTIVALS.

(From the French of Viscount Walsh.)

No. II.—*The Purification, or Candlemas.* (Feb. 2.)

JESUS CHRIST, sanctity itself, had been willing to submit to the law of Moses prescribing circumcision. For it is not to be doubted that what had been done by Mary and Joseph, was done according to the will of the divine child that had been entrusted to their care. As a tiny floweret often exhales much perfume, a mighty power emanated from the holy babe, whether he lay asleep in his cradle or smiling in his mother's arms; and when he was carried to the temple to undergo the operation enjoined by the law, it was because HE had willed it to be so. Those who thought they were conducting him there, proceeded in obedience to his resistless impulse.

As the Saviour need not, by reason of his sanctity, have submitted himself to the formality of circumcision, so his chaste mother, the immaculate virgin, required none of the purification ordered by the Jewish law. Purity can not be purified. Like the snow-flake falling from heaven, what could whiten it? Like the lily, who could render it more beautiful, who could give it a sweeter perfume?

But Mary was the humblest of women. The Mother of God, she styled herself *the handmaid of the Lord—ancilla Domini*. Accordingly, when the forty days after the night of the wonderful birth were accomplished, she set out on her journey to present in the temple of Jerusalem her infant and the two doves of sacrifice. The old man accompanying them is Joseph; he and Mary, his reputed wife, are both of the royal line of David. But usurpers are on the throne, and the descendants of the true kings are in poverty.

The law of purification established by Moses ordered the woman who came to the temple to be purified, to present a lamb to be offered as a holocaust; adding that if the woman had not wherewith to purchase a lamb, she could offer a pair of turtle-doves, or two young pigeons.

The daughter of David, the mother of the Messiah, could offer only two pigeons! Oh! when I see poverty despised, I can not help becoming irritated and indignant. In misery there is often such nobleness, in distress so much virtue! How do you know that under this humble garment there is not a king's son, that under this worn veil there is not a queen? Very possibly some

purse-proud citizen of Jerusalem looked with disdain on the poor pair that brought to the temple only two pigeons; very possibly, near the altar of sacrifices, some fine gentleman, with purple cloak and golden sandals, claimed the precedence of Joseph and Mary.—And yet, silly favorite of blind fortune, this poor man carrying the two pigeons, is a descendant of your ancient kings; this poor woman, so timid, so shrinking, so beautiful, is a daughter of David; this babe, this poor little sleeping babe, is the Master of the universe! If he only willed it, with his little hand he could pull down the pillars of your palaces, overthrow the cedars on your hills, and destroy the harvests of your fertile plains.

When the virgin mother had offered the sacrifice prescribed by the law, when she had said to the Lord—"I offer thee my son, who is also thine," she was about to quit the temple and take the road to Nazareth; but SIMEON, a just and devout man, who passed his days in waiting for the consolation of Israel, in whom the Holy Ghost dwelt, and who knew that he should not see death before he had seen the Christ of the Lord, was also in the temple when Mary presented her divine infant.

And when the old man saw the child Jesus near the altar, he took him from his mother's arms, blessed him, and, inspired by the Spirit, cried out with lively exultation:

"Now dost thou dismiss thy servant, O Lord, according to thy word, in peace:

"Because my eyes have seen thy salvation,

"Which thou hast prepared before the face of all people:

"A light to the revelation of the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people, Israel."

After these words, Simeon restored the child to Mary's arms, blessed her likewise and Joseph also, and said to them:

"Behold, this child is set for the ruin and for the resurrection of many in Israel, and for a sign which shall be contradicted.

"And thy own soul, O mother, a sword shall pierce, that out of many hearts thoughts may be revealed."

After these prophetic words, the old man was silent, and some believe that he immediately expired. But in spite of the tradition, for our part, we think it improbable that his death took place in presence of Mary, Joseph, and the infant Saviour: if it had, the Gospel which preserves his canticle would undoubtedly have mentioned it.

There was at that time also in Jerusalem a prophetess named Anna, the daughter of Phanuel, who was far advanced in years, and a widow for a long time, having lived only seven years with her husband. This woman, entirely devoted to the service of the Lord, passed her life in the temple, praying and fasting, and doing good works. The Spirit of the Lord was often in her, and when she had heard the canticle of Simeon, she also began to praise God, and to speak of him to all that looked for the redemption of Israel.

This is all that Holy Writ tells us concerning the purification of the Blessed Virgin; but even in this short account we can again see how closely sorrow attends on joy in the things of this world. When the inspired old man held Mary's child in his arms, when he blessed him and called him *the glory, the salvation of Israel*, how ravished with delight the mother's soul must have been! But the maternal joy can not last long; listen to the prophet; soon he speaks of the sword that shall pierce the mother's heart, and of all the arrows and shafts that shall be discharged against her son.

Submissive to the will of the Lord, Joseph and Mary, after the ceremony of the purification and presentation in the temple, took the road to Nazareth, where was their abode, as we are informed by the gospel of St. Luke.

The festival commemorating the *purification* of the mother and the *presentation* of the child in the temple is of ancient date. It is said to have been founded by the emperor Justinian, in accomplishment of a vow which he had made to God in order to obtain the cessation of a pestilence that was ravaging Constantinople, in the year 542.

The author of the History of the Christian Festivals, however, says,—“But though this festival, appointed for the second day of the month, is among those to be attributed to the Greek Church, it would appear that Rome has some reasons for believing that here she has anticipated Constantinople. Pope Gelasius, who governed the Church more than thirty years before Justinian’s accession to the throne, appears to have introduced this festival in the month of February, when he destroyed the remains of the infamous *Lupercalia*—that abominable festival during which the inhabitants of Rome, in the delirium of wine and licentiousness, with torches in their hands, ran naked through the streets and squares of this city, so proud of its civilization!”

The Christian festival of the Purification is also called Candlemas, because formerly, at the office of this day, the priests and the faithful held in their hands a wax taper or candle. Some consider this a lingering relic of the custom of bearing torches and brands in Rome during the *Lupercalia*: I prefer finding in it a commemoration of the words of Simeon’s song: **THIS CHILD SHALL BE THE LIGHT OF ISRAEL.**

The tapers of Candlemas remind me of a terrible circumstance which was related to me in the cathedral of York, in England, a short time after its occurrence. I may as well give it here. The variation of my theme may give my readers some repose.

A short time after the burning of York Minster I arrived in that city, and, being desirous of learning the particulars on the very spot where they had taken place, I repaired immediately to the ruins. The guide taking me to an old tomb, that of John Haxby, formerly the archiepiscopal treasurer, pointed under it, saying:

“There’s where the wretched incendiary concealed himself on the second of February, 1828, Candlemas day. You know, sir, in the old popish times this diocese was under the protection of the Virgin Mary, and on that day there were rejoicings and ceremonies that always attracted a great crowd. All these pillars you see around were ornamented with festoons and garlands, and at the evening office thousands of candles used to blaze in that sanctuary that now looks so gloomy and desolate. That was where the burning commenced. It was there that Josiah Martin started the fire.”

“And was this Josiah Martin,” I asked, “crazy?”

“Oh! no, sir. He knew very well what he was about. He was not a bit crazy. Still they got him off as insane. He is in the insane asylum now, and is to remain there the rest of his days. He has had powerful friends. Though how a scoundrel that attempted to burn the temple of the Lord should have even a single friend, is more than I can understand. I made my regular rounds, after the evening service, before locking up the gates, but I saw nobody. It was night when I got home. I put the keys in the usual place, and I had not the

least idea that I had left behind me in the cathedral the madman that had sworn to destroy it."

But instead of following the detailed account of my guide, the reader will permit me to tell the tale in my own way.

Josiah Martin was one of those fanatics, common enough in England, who want to reform the "reformed" religion, and to purify it by depriving it of its temples and ceremonies. He had often written to the archbishop of York and to the bishop of Durham on the subject, telling them that they were adorers of Baal, that their belly was their god, and that their guilty remissness was fast bringing back all the abominations of the Scarlet Lady.

On such themes he not only preached through the streets, but he had the boldness to affix his printed warnings to the walls of the church, and even to the door of the archbishop's palace.

In fact, one day he entered the house of the bishop of Durham and, raising his arm, he threatened that prelate with death, calling him a Papist, an idolater, a worshipper of Baal. This time, however, he was considered to have gone too far. He was seized, tried, and condemned to six months' imprisonment.

But his captivity only stimulated his fanaticism. After his half year's seclusion he preached more enthusiastically than ever. At first, by his eloquence he induced some of his credulous hearers to follow him, but they soon abandoned him because he could not work miracles for their support. Returning to York, he remembered that the clergy of that city, in spite of the Reformation, were still accustomed, as in the old Catholic times, to light a great number of candles in the sanctuary of the cathedral, on Candlemas day. This was a frightful piece of superstition which should not go unpunished.

He assisted at the evening service and saw the crowd depart. Crouching behind the tomb, he escaped the observation of the sexton making his rounds, he heard the clash of the great gates resounding through the cathedral, and as soon as all was again silent he came forth to put his atrocious design into execution.

We can easily imagine him standing there full of his nefarious project, his eyes gloating on all parts of the noble edifice with a fiendish expression as he says to himself, "I am going to destroy all that—the temple profaned by the priests and the abominations of Baal is about to perish—let me begin the good work." He piles under the archbishop's chair, under the pulpit, around the organ, and under the communion table, little heaps of combustible materials: he has not forgotten his tinder-box and steel to strike fire with.

The light of day no longer entered the windows; night had fallen. Martin heard the hours strike, but that of his crime had not yet come. "Not before midnight," he had said, and in the mean time he walked up and down the vast lonely extent, undisturbed in his dreams of sacrilege by one single good thought.

To provide for his own escape, he had opened one of the windows and thrown out a cord with one end securely fastened inside; close to this opening he had brought one of the large ladders used in cleaning the walls. Remembering also that after the accomplishment of his work he would be in want of money, he had returned to the archbishop's chair and detached a piece of the heavy gold fringe of the crimson velvet covering.

It struck midnight. In the midst of the profound silence that succeeded the solemn vibrations of the bell, Martin began to exclaim with all his might:—"Glory be to God! Glory be to God!"

All relapses into silence again, when another sound is heard—the striking of the steel. A feeble light appears; it is strong enough to reveal the form of the incendiary, and the edges of the long lanky pillars in the midst of the pitchy gloom. Martin goes to the sanctuary, lights the chandelier, looks round at the statues and tombs now plainly visible in the choir, and again repeats, “I am going to destroy all that.” With unshaking hand he sets fire to the combustibles around the archbishop’s chair, the pulpit, the magnificent organ, and the communion table. The straw blazes, the wood crackles, the flame spreads, and the frantic incendiary commences to run up and down the nave and aisles of the now illuminated church, crying out in delirious accents “Glory be to God! Glory be to God!” He screamed so loudly that a man passing by at the time on his way home fancied that somebody was calling him. The snow, however, was then falling so heavily that, though quite close to the cathedral, he could not see it. Otherwise, he might probably have noticed the fire and given the alarm in time.

Josiah, having accomplished his work, let himself out of the church by the contrivance he had prepared and, often looking behind him, quitted the city. From the first favorable eminence he looked again, and seeing no flames, he concluded that he had not effected his purpose, and was thereby grievously distressed. He was mistaken. The fire was not extinguished; it was devouring the interior of the church; but the thick smoke, which could find no vent, concealed it ravages.

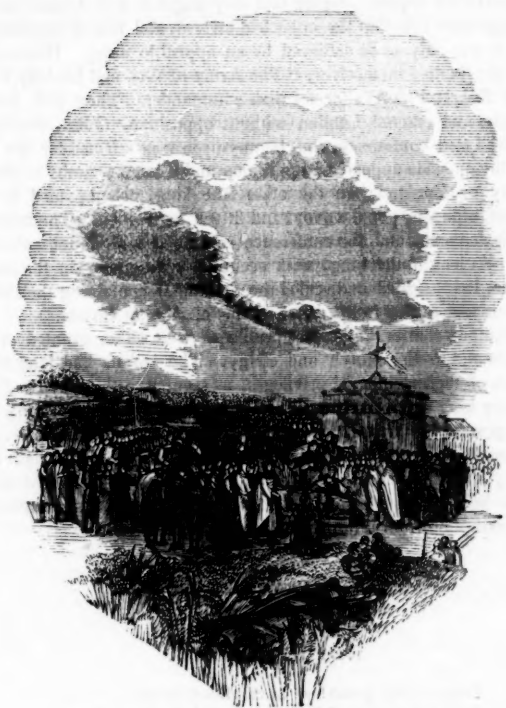
It was seven o’clock in the morning when a little boy, going to school, passed by the cathedral and amused himself by sliding over the hard frozen snow. He slipped and fell, and while lying on his back he saw a volume of black smoke rolling out of one of the lofty windows of the choir. He ran home immediately, crying, “Fire! The Minster is on fire!”

The cry sounds through the city: crowds are on the spot in a moment, every one desirous to do something to save the sacred edifice but no one precisely knowing what to do. The sexton arrives with the keys: the gates are thrown open: the flames, hitherto pent up with the thick smoke, now burst forth with awful fury. The spectators with difficulty save themselves from being burned or suffocated. The air swells the conflagration: the flames shoot up the highest columns and play among the loftiest arches. The windows burst, the lead melts, the iron bars and bolts lose their strength, and the organ, having been surrounded by the flames when the gates were opened, upon being struck by the air, gave one loud and terrible sound, like a last sigh, and collapsed.

The woodwork of the choir, the seats, the archbishop’s throne, the pulpits, the tables, formed an immense furnace, so hot that every thing around, even the walls, split with the heat. The tombs burst open, as on the Last Day, and the white bones of the dead were revealed by the terrible light. The statues fell from their pedestals, and their helmets, mitres and crowns of bronze, were all dissolved in the vast crucible.

Such was the substance of my guide’s story. He added that what led to Martin’s discovery was the bit of gold fringe which he had taken from the archbishop’s chair. The lunatic’s brother is one of the greatest painters in England. Himself had always been poor; I think he was a tailor or a shoemaker. Like another Erostratus, he longed for celebrity; you have seen what has come of it.

The cathedral was restored at vast expense, and in 1841 had another narrow escape, through the carelessness of a workman.



KING JOHN AND THE BARONS AT RUNNYMEDE.

MAGNA CHARTA.

THERE is no character in all English history so despicable as that of King John. He stands charged with almost every crime, with scarcely a redeeming virtue. Perfidy, insincerity, cruelty and perjury fill up the whole measure of his reign. So often had he trampled under foot the rights of the people and the privileges of the barons, that the latter, unable any longer to endure his tyranny, unfurled the standard of revolt. They met at St. Albans, and afterwards in London, headed by Archbishop Langton, who administered to them an oath, by which they bound themselves to each other to conquer or die in the defence of their liberties.

The different rights for which they contended, were drawn up and regularly defined, and they determined to demand them in a body when the king should hold his court at the festival of Christmas, having previously pledged themselves to each other to withdraw their allegiance in the event the king should reject their petition. Accordingly, on the feast of the Epiphany they presented

their demands. At first the king assumed a haughty tone and indignantly refused to grant their requests, saying that they might as well demand his crown.

The barons now saw that the crisis had arrived, and that if anything was to be gained, it was only to be achieved by an appeal to arms. Without further delay they proclaimed themselves, "The Army of God and his holy Church," and elected Robert Fitz-Walter for their commander. They took several important places and entered London without opposition. John, fearing for his crown, agreed to a conference, and Runnymede was selected for the negotiation. On the one side appeared Fitz-Walter and a large majority of the barons and nobility of England; on the other, the king, accompanied by several bishops, Pandulph, the papal envoy, and fifteen gentlemen. The barons stood firm to their demands, and the conference continued with much animation for four days. At length the king, with seeming willingness, on the nineteenth day of June, 1215, signed and sealed the document containing their demands, which has since acquired in history the name of *Magna Charta*.

By this famous charter, important privileges were either granted or secured to the people and to the church and clergy. The barons had long claimed a confirmation of their rights and privileges, as secured to them by St. Edward's laws. Every king since the conquest, at his coronation had solemnly pledged himself to govern by these laws, but no king had kept his promise. Hence *Magna Charta* only revived and secured to the English people the right of being governed by laws granted to them by an illustrious Catholic saint and king; laws which held the liberties of the church inviolate, and guaranteed to the governed exemption from tyranny and freedom from injustice.

REFLECTIONS.

Days of my youth! ye have glided away;
Hairs of my youth! ye are frosted and gray;
Eyes of my youth! your keen sight is no more;
Cheeks of my youth! ye are furrowed all o'er;
Strength of my youth! all your vigor is gone;
Thoughts of my youth! your gay visions are flown.

Days of my youth! I wish not to recall;
Hairs of my youth! I'm content you shall fall;
Eyes of my youth! ye much evil have seen;
Cheeks of my youth! bathed in tears have you been;
Thoughts of my youth! ye have led me astray;
Strength of my youth! why lament your decay?

Days of my age! you will shortly be past;
Pains of my age! yet awhile ye may last;
Joys of my age! in true wisdom delight;
Eyes of my age! be religion your light;
Thoughts of my age! dread not the cold sod;
Hopes of my age! be ye fixed on your God.

DEATH SCENES OF DISTINGUISHED PERSONAGES.

THE sayings and doings of men, during the last moments of their mortal career, have always furnished abundant material for curious speculation and moral reflection. Whether as inspiring a salutary terror in the living, or for purposes of comfort and edification, the memories of such scenes must ever be fraught with deep interest for the philosopher and the Christian. We propose, in desultory and discursive mood, to recall and record in these pages the dying hours of many a remarkable or eminent personage, gleaned from their observations or demeanor at that eventful crisis, matter for remark, warning, or instruction. Such *obiter dicta* may be ranked amongst the curiosities of metaphysical experience, as exhibiting the tendencies and capabilities of the soul on the brink of its separation from the body, and on many occasions strikingly illustrating the poet's theory, that the "ruling passion is strong in death." The instances we may find occasion to notice, by turns characteristic, or edifying, whimsical, mournful, or horrific, will all possess that value which must attach to faithful transcripts from the great and varied book of human nature.

We place foremost in our category of mortuary retrospects, the memorable address of Cardinal Wolsey to Kyngston, the lieutenant of the Tower, after the monks of Leicester had received the half-expiring statesman within their monastery, because it has always appeared to us to embody a most notable illustration of that vivid sense of the utter nothingness of earthly greatness which breaks upon a mind suddenly and painfully awakened to the consciousness of long-neglected duties:

"Had I served my God as diligently as I have served my king, He would not have given me over in my grey hairs!"

How noble was the demeanor on the scaffold of the illustrious Sir Thomas More! the calm, yet intrepid martyr to the loftiest sense of conscientious duty. When the headsman craved forgiveness for the compulsory part he was about to enact in the foul tragedy, Sir Thomas embraced him, saying, "Thou wilt render me to-day the greatest service in the power of any mortal; but my neck is so short that I fear thou wilt gain little credit in the way of thy profession."

The venerable Countess of Salisbury, mother of Cardinal Pole, when summoned to execution, refused to lay her head upon the block: "So should traitors do," she said, "but I am none; and if you will have my head, you must win it as you can!" A horrible scene ensued, which terminated in the executioner's dragging the aged lady to the block by her hoary hair, and butchering her as he best could!

Of the unfortunate queen Anne Boleyn, the very last words she uttered upon the scaffold, addressed to her weeping attendants, were, "In your prayers to the Lord Jesus, forget not to pray for my soul!" Coupling this mode of expression with the fact, that on the morning of her execution she desired the consecrated elements might remain in her closet, that she might adore "the good Lord," whose real presence she recognized in them, it is evident that this unhappy lady died in the ancient faith, however current may be the general impression of her Protestantism.

Of Henry the Eighth's last moments there are three separate accounts. Ac-

according to one of them, he died the death of a despairing sinner; according to another, the only sign he manifested of attention to religious ministrations, was given by squeezing the hand of the apostate Cranmer; while one story is current of his having exhibited, during the illness immediately preceding his decease, sentiments of penitence and piety. Assuming the last of these statements to have any foundation, the former ones appearing more probable, it seems difficult to reconcile the sincerity of such a deathbed repentance with the fact, that at the very hour the king breathed his last, the guiltless Duke of Norfolk lay under sentence of death in the Tower, and his judicial murder, which was to have taken place in a few hours, was only stayed by the welcome intelligence of the tyrant's death.

The last words of the ill-fated Lady Jane Grey were in relation to the hapless claims to the crown which had been preferred rather in her name, than by herself:—"As to the procurement or desire of such dignity by me, I wash my hands thereof, before God and all you Christian people this day."

Cranmer, the arch-apostle of political and religious tergiversation, exhibited, at the extremity of his flagitious career, a firmness and constancy worthy a more honorable cause. Condemned by the barbarous severity of those iron times to the most dreadful of deaths, he cherished to the last the hope of averting his fate, and, with that purpose, submitted to the most humiliating retractions. Finding these unavailable to save him, he may be said most emphatically to have made a virtue of necessity, by declaring at the stake that "the hand which had offended contrary to his heart should be the first to receive punishment," and by subsequently thrusting it into the flame, exclaiming, "This hath offended!"

Of the unfortunate Mary Stuart it is related, that on the fatal morning of her execution, "holding up the crucifix, she exclaimed: 'As thy arms, O God, were stretched out upon the cross, so receive me into the arms of thy mercy, and forgive me my sins!' 'Madam,' said the Earl of Kent, 'you had better leave such Popish mummeries, and bear Him in your heart.' She replied: 'I cannot hold in my hand the representation of His sufferings but I must at the same time bear Him in my heart.'"

The executioners interfered to prevent her female attendants from disrobing their ill-fated mistress, out of a sordid apprehension of not securing their own odious perquisites; upon which, Mary remarked, with a smile, that she was not accustomed to the offices of such rough grooms, but at the same time silenced the remonstrances of her handmaidens. Up to the moment of receiving the headman's stroke, the murdered queen kept continually repeating, "Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit."

Sir Walter Raleigh comported himself on the scaffold with undaunted composure. He asked for the axe, and feeling the edge, observed with a smile that it was a sharp medicine, but a physician for all diseases. Having laid his head upon the block, he gave the signal, but the slowness of the executioner provoked him to exclaim, "Why dost thou not strike? strike, man!"

To be continued.

CLARISSA, THE SISTER OF CHARITY.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

In the following interesting sketch is recorded one of the many thrilling incidents which may be met with in the history of the heroic daughters of St. Vincent, the Sisters of Charity; and even divested of all its romance, beautifully illustrates the mercy and goodness of God:

NIGHT was fast closing upon the town of Angers, as two Sisters of Charity were hastily returning to their Convent. They were already close to the gate, when their attention was arrested by the cry of lamentation, and turning, they were accosted by a little girl, who came running after them, weeping bitterly.

"My grandfather," sobbed the child, "is dying—oh! good Sisters, he's dying, and there is no one near him."

These words of woe melted the hearts of the devoted servants of charity, and the elder enquired of the child if the residence of the dying man was far distant.

"It is not far," replied the little girl, in a pleading voice; "and he is dying," she added, addressing the sister who had last spoken, whose soft voice and gentle demeanor had in a moment won her confidence and affection.

The good sisters had walked far that day—they had wandered alternately from the bed of sickness to the house of sorrow; from early dawn they had been engaged in succoring the distressed and whispering consolation into the ear of the afflicted, and they now sought their convent, wearied alike in body and mind; but true to those noble promptings of charity for which their order is so preeminently distinguished, they resolved without hesitation to go to the assistance of a suffering and dying member of the human family.

"We will follow you, my child," replied one of the gentle nuns; and taking the child by the hand, addressed her a few questions as they passed along. But the little girl wept so violently, that her answers were inaudible. She led the sisters through several narrow streets, and at length paused before an open door. It was evidently the abode of wretched poverty—but poverty in all its forms was too familiar to the sisters to create any observation, and without any remark they followed her up the narrow stairs into a room where an aged man was lying, who had evidently only a few hours to live. After a few moments consultation, the elder of the sisters proposed to return to the convent to procure spiritual assistance for the unhappy man, while the other remained by his bedside.

This was Sister Clarissa, who had about fifteen years previously entered the order at Paris, when she was only in her sixteenth year. At an early age she had lost her mother, and was left with an only sister, a little more than a year younger than herself, to the care of her father. M. Priveau, for such was the name of her father, was a young man at the time of the French Revolution. He had entered with ardor into the extravagances of that period, and soon every vestige of religious principles was obliterated from his mind. After the death of Madam Priveau, which happened in the early part of the present century, he committed the care of his daughters, Josephine and Agnes, to a female relative, who happily for the children, early implanted in their minds the

seeds of virtue and religion. Priveau, who had for many years followed the profession of an opera singer, had intended his daughters for the same profession, and only awaited their arrival at a proper age to introduce them to the stage. Against this determination they earnestly remonstrated, especially Josephine, who had already determined to abandon the world and devote her life to religion. Their remonstrances, however, were lost on a parent in whose bosom every spark of religion had long been extinguished, and the day was fixed when they should appear in public.

This was a severe stroke to Josephine; and though she was ever willing to gratify her father, nevertheless felt it her duty first to obey the dictates of religion. Accordingly, she privately left Bordeaux, where her father then resided, hastened to Paris, and enrolled her name among the daughters of St. Vincent. From the time of her entry into the order, she had not heard anything of her father or of her sister Agnes. Daily, however, she thought of them. Daily she remembered them in her prayers, and earnestly besought Almighty God for the conversion of the one and the preservation of the other from the wickedness of a sinful world.

While Sister Clarissa gazed upon the countenance of the sick man who lay before her, almost in the agonies of death, she was struck with the idea that his general features were familiar to her; but where to place them she knew not. During her reverie, the old man had remained seemingly unconscious of her presence. At length his eyes fell upon her dark dress and the white cross upon her bosom. In a moment he exhibited the utmost loathing and abhorrence, and raising himself up in the bed by a violent effort of strength, he poured forth a torrent of abuse and blasphemy.

The good sister was grieved, but not surprised. Alas! it was but too often her lot to stand by the death-bed of the despairing sinner. She remained for a time in silent prayer; but when in a violent tone he bade her begone and leave him to his master, she fell upon her knees and cried out in a voice of holy energy, which for a moment awed the sinner into silence: "Man, I will not leave thee until thou shalt cease to blaspheme God! O, creature for whom Jesus suffered," she continued, in a voice so sweet and soft that it fell like music on the sick man's ear—and rising, she held up the crucifix before his eyes: "Can you behold him, as he thus hung upon the cross, his sacred body torn, his spirit wounded by reason of your transgressions; can you see him thus and still offend him by the sin of despair!"

Even as the rod of Moses brought forth water from the living rock, so did the sight of that holy image soften the hardness of the sinner's heart. He sunk back upon his pillow and gazed upon the crucifix, but then again closed his eyes and muttered: "Judas, Judas!"

"Judas," resumed the sister, "betrayed his master—yet had he repented, even he would have found mercy. It was the sin of despair which made it better for him that he had never been born. One there was," she added with a voice which grew softer and sweeter, "one there was who anointed the feet of Jesus at the pharisee's supper, who followed him to Calvary, who knelt at his cross, and who, with his holy mother, shared the favor of his last look on earth. She had betrayed him many times. Magdalen had transgressed grievously; but many sins were forgiven her because she loved much."

There was silence in the room, only broken by the heavy sighs of the dying

sinner. Sister Clarissa placed the crucifix on his bosom. "Wear it," said she, "around your neck, and let that sacred image sink deep into your heart. Take also this image of Mary," she added, placing a medal in his hand. "She is the refuge and hope of sinners. Oh, intreat her to pray for you, and think not that Jesus will be deaf to his Mother's voice!"

At this moment, the priest who had been sent for from the convent, entered the room. The sight of the minister of religion again threw the old man into a paroxysm of rage. The reverend father, however, approached the bed, and addressed him in so mild and so gentle a manner as once more to soothe his agitation. He exhorted him to think of his soul—to hope, to pray, at the same time holding the crucifix before his eyes. The old man turned away his countenance from the image of his dying Lord, repeating in an agonizing tone: "O! Agnes—Agnes!"

Sister Clarissa was about to withdraw, in order that the priest might be left alone for a time with the dying man, when suddenly the door opened and a young woman entered, who on beholding the sacred character of those standing around the sick man, paused in a mixture of shame and fear. She was young, but the freshness of youth was no longer on her cheek. She had been handsome, and the sad remains of beauty yet lingered around her features. Her countenance bore not an expression of boldness, but rather of deep despair, which betrayed the degraded condition of a poor outcast's life.

The moment she entered the eyes of the old man rested upon her, and an expression of keen remorse gleamed from his countenance. There was something indescribably painful in his look; something that weighed heavily on his soul. At length, turning to the priest, who had never ceased his earnest exhortations, he said in an agonizing voice:

"Rev. Father, you bid me hope for pardon, but oh! what hope of pardon can you give the wretch who has sold his child to a life of crime!"

These words were interrupted by a loud shriek. The girl, who had been standing in the middle of the room, on hearing these words rushed forward to the bed, and throwing herself upon her knees, exclaimed in bitter accents:

"Father! father! do not say so—oh! do not say that my soul has been bartered for gold!"

The old man wept aloud, and after a few moments he added:

"Agnes, my daughter Agnes, do not curse me before I die."

"No, father, I will not! I will not! Would that I could pray for you at this awful moment. But, alas! prayer from such a wretch as I have been, would be a mockery. Oh! why did you not let me be a nun with my sister, my dear Josephine. Would that I had listened to her counsel the night she left Bordeaux. Oh! my Josephine, what would be your anguish if you could witness the sorrows of this hour!"

Sister Clarissa in the meantime had knelt weeping in prayer at the foot of the bed, and up to that moment, had taken but little notice of the poor girl, whose bitter lamentations she had just heard. But when she heard her own name, and that of her sister Agnes, mingled with the name of Bordeaux, where she had spent the happy days of childhood, a light flashed across her mind. She raised her eyes and gazed for a moment on the sorrow-stricken countenance of Agnes; but who will describe her feelings, when in the weeping girl she

discovered her own long lost sister. Rising quickly, and forgetting for the moment every other object around her, she exclaimed:

"Agnes! is this my own Agnes!" advancing at the same time and throwing her arms around her neck.

Agnes, startled by the familiar accents of her voice, in a moment recognized in the good religious, her sister Josephine; and in a moment, throwing herself at her feet, exclaimed in the deepest anguish:

"Josephine! my sister Josephine! I am unworthy of thy embrace. Do not touch me, I am a sinful wretch."

The good Clarissa, completely overpowered by her feelings, raised her from the floor and replied:

"Yes, my Agnes—but you are still my sister; there is hope even for the most wicked. Is this, father? Oh, Agnes, is this father!" she added, turning quickly to the bed where the old man lay.

Scarcely could Agnes answer in the affirmative, before Sister Clarissa threw herself upon her knees, and taking the sick man by the hand, pressed it to her lips, while her tears choked her utterance. The aged Priveau had gazed upon the tender endearment that followed the recognition of the two sisters, like a person aroused from stupor. He seemed like one bewildered, and for some moments was unable to give utterance to a single word. His eyes rested sternly on the good sister, and as he felt his hand pressed by her warm embrace, he endeavored to withdraw it from her grasp. Clarissa still held the hand, and casting a look of the tenderest affection upon the old man, and with a voice that bespoke all the feelings of her heart, she exclaimed:

"O! father, father, do you not know your Josephine?"

Her sweet and still familiar voice recalled his consciousness, and rising partly in the bed, he exclaimed:

"My God! is this my Josephine?"

The effort was too much for his strength, and he sunk exhausted upon the pillow, and seemed for a time insensible to everything around him. In this state he frequently repeated in a whispering tone, the name of Josephine, mingled with expressions of hope of pardon and confidence in the mercy of God. After some minutes the old man became calm and spoke perfectly rational, and looking at Clarissa, he said:

"My angel, my daughter Josephine! this has not happened by chance. No—that God, whom I have so long forsaken, in his boundless mercy has sent you to reclaim your unhappy father before his death. I desire to return to that religion from which I have so long strayed. Where is the priest?"

The history of Agnes from the time Josephine had entered the order of the Sisters of Charity, may be easily conjectured. In obedience to the command of her father, she entered upon the stage. A life of crime and folly ensued. Sickness and misfortune soon overtook her father. Still she would not forsake him; she accompanied him from place to place, until they reached the town of Angers, where overcome by poverty and infirmity, the old man was obliged to take up his residence in the abode where the charitable daughters of St. Vincent found him.

When the sick man requested to see the priest, the reverend father gave a signal for those present to withdraw, and as Sister Clarissa and Agnes rose to leave the room, the father, casting a look of anguish upon Agnes, said:

"Oh, my poor Agnes! what will become of her?"

"Father, I will take care of her," replied Clarissa, at the same time taking her sister by the arm and passing with her out of the room.

When they gained an adjoining apartment, poor Agnes, overcome by deep agitation, reclined her head on her sister's breast, acknowledging her unworthiness and that she was a sinner.

"And so was Magdalen—and so are we all," cried Sister Clarissa, while her tears flowed in abundance. "Oh, sister!" she continued, "let us kneel together, and say once more the prayers that we said in the days of our childhood. We were children then!—we are children still! We will tell our Heavenly Father that we are sorry for our sins, and He will not refuse his pardon and his love."

Twined in each other's arms they knelt together, and Clarissa prayed aloud. It was years since Agnes had heard that voice, the very tones of which were full of piety and love; it was years since a thought of grace, a hope of pardon had entered her soul; and now, with the prayer of her innocent childhood ringing in her ears, and the repentant love of a Magdalen burning in her bosom, full of fear for the future and remorse for the past, she clasped her sister more tightly in her arms and sobbed aloud.

"Leave me not, sister,—desert me not! Oh, save me from this life of sin, and the God of the sinner and the saint reward you for the deed!"

"My sister, I will never forsake you until I see you restored to God and his holy Church! I leave you no more!"

The priest now recalled them to their father's chamber. He was about to administer the last awful rites of religion to him. Agnes assisted in lighting the candles which her religious sister had now brought from the convent; but Agnes fell prostrate on the floor. How could she venture to look upon the Holy of Holies?—she, whose life had been full of sin! The priest recited a short prayer aloud, and then, with a heart full of contrition and joy, the dying man received from his hands the awful Sacrament of the Body and Blood of his Saviour and his Judge. Afterwards, the priest anointed him with holy oil, upon the eyes, mouth, &c. praying aloud, that the sins he had committed through each of the senses might be forgiven in virtue of the sacrament of extreme unction. The poor penitent wept with joy through the whole of this most consoling rite, and answered every prayer in a voice tremulous and broken by emotion. The lights were extinguished, but still the priest remained by the bed of death, and prayed audibly for mercy and grace towards the departing soul. He ceased, and, at a sign from her father, Clarissa raised her sister, and led her towards his bed. The dying man raised himself up with difficulty, and extending his hands towards them, he said:

"My children, whom I have wronged, before God and his Saints, I entreat your pardon."

The words were apparently intended for both, but Agnes felt them to be addressed in a peculiar manner to the injured innocence of her own soul, and bending over his withered hand, she murmured softly,—

"God bless you, father."

"Thank you, my child. I die content."

A smile was upon his lips as he sank back upon his pillow. Then turning towards Clarissa, he whispered,—

"Remember this unhappy child."

He closed his eyes, and a shadow, as of death, fell upon his face. The priest saw that the hour was come, and rising up, he read the prayer for the departing soul, and passed the night by the corpse of the repentant sinner.

The sisters stood beside the grave of their father,—Clarissa in the garb of religion, Agnes in the mourning of the world.

"And here we part, my sister," said the good religious. "We part, but it is to meet again. On earth, in spirit at the foot of the Cross. In heaven, I trust, on the bosom of our Saviour."

Even as she spoke, the priest, who had attended her father's death-bed, came and took Agnes by the hand.

"My child," he said, in a kind but solemn voice, "am I indeed to understand that you have determined to forsake your evil ways, and to repent of your sins?" Agnes fell upon her knees, saying:

"With all my heart, and with all my soul I do repent them, father! Would to God that all those whom I have scandalized by my life could be witness now of my shame and sorrow!"

"I believe you, my child!" The good father hesitated for a moment. "I have spoken to the Superior of the 'Bon Pasteur,' and she will gladly receive you. You are now, for a time at least, about to leave the world, and in prayer and supplication to ask pardon for your sins."

The two sisters parted after tenderly embracing each other. Sister Clarissa returned to her convent, shedding tears of gratitude to God for having called her father to the Church before his death, and for having reclaimed her sister from a life of sin. Agnes accompanied the reverend father to the house of the Good Shepherd, where for the remainder of her days she bewailed the follies and sins of her early life.

A NIGHT HYMN.

SAVE me, sweet Jesus, sleep is onward stealing,
Bending the heart in a deep hush of feeling,
Oh, in these awful hours that seem to sever
Life's link from this frail world as if for ever,
Save me, sweet Jesus, save.

Shield, God of powerful love, shield me when even
Spreads a broad gloom between mine eyes and heaven,
In the still desolateness that gathers round me,
Then let thy love and mighty power surround me,
Save me, sweet Jesus, save.

And should my sleep by sigh or dream be broken,
Then let some thought of thee my love betoken:
Thine in the day, and thine when night is closing,
Thus may I live in thy dear arms reposing,
Hear me, sweet Jesus, hear.

MISCELLANEA.

SIMUL ET JUCUNDA ET IDONEA DICERE VITÆ.

MAXIMS AND REFLECTIONS.

THE worst evil in those who have a good will is, that they wish to be that which they cannot be, and are not willing to be that which they necessarily ought to be. They conceive a desire of performing great actions of piety, which they will perhaps never have the opportunity to perform; and in the meanwhile neglect those little occasions which our Lord continually throws in their way. There are a thousand of these little acts of virtue, such as to support the importunities and imperfections of our neighbors, to suffer a little harsh word, or to be wronged in some little matter, to repress a feeling of disdain, to mortify some little affection, some little over-eagerness in speaking or hearing, to excuse an indiscretion, to condescend to others in little matters, and such like things. These are things which all have in their power, and why not practise them? The opportunities for gaining great sums come seldom; but as for little gains, one can make many of them every day: and if we manage these little gains with judgment, it is by them that we shall become enriched. Oh, what saints we should become, and how rich in merits, if we only knew how to profit by the occasions which our vocation and state of life furnishes to us! Yes, yes, let us apply ourselves to take the beaten road which lies nearest to us, and to perform well the first day's journey, without troubling ourselves about the last, and we shall not fail to make a good progress.—*St. Francis of Sales.*

ONE act of sensuality leads, as St. Gregory observes, almost inevitably to others, and penance and austerity, conferring self-command, are the only safe means of restoring the equilibrium of the mind when the passions have once got the mastery. Opulence, freeing man from necessary, and, therefore, tempting him away from voluntary, hardship, has ever led to the destruction of states, of families, and of individuals. Even lawful indulgence, unless checked by periodical austerity, is apt to degenerate into abuse.

TO PRIZE every thing according to its *real* use, ought to be the aim of a rational being. There are few things which can much conduce to happiness, and, therefore, few things to be ardently desired. He that looks upon the business and bustle of the world, with the philosophy with which Socrates surveyed the fair at Athens, will turn away at last with his exclamation: "How many things are here which I do not want."—*Dr. Johnson.*

WITHOUT the love of God, no outward work avails; but every work that is done for the love of God, however slight and worthless it may seem, brings forth fruit. For God thinks more of a man's means than of the work which he does.—*Thomas à Kempis.*

GOOD nature is more agreeable in conversation than wit, and gives a certain air to the countenance which is more agreeable than beauty.

HOPE is like the wing of an angel soaring up to heaven, and bearing our prayers to the throne of God.

ZEALOUS men are ever displaying the strength of their belief, while judicious men are showing the grounds of it.

MAN considers the actions; GOD weighs the intentions.

HISTORY.—They who have employed the study of it as they ought, for their instruction, for the regulation of their private manners, and the management of their public affairs, will readily admit that it is the most pleasant school of wisdom. It is a familiarity with past ages, and an acquaintance with all the heroes of them. It is, if you will pardon the similitude, a perspective glass, carrying your soul to a vast distance, and taking in the farthest objects of antiquity. It informs the understanding by the memory; it helps us to judge of what will happen, by showing us the like revolutions of former times. For mankind being the same in all ages, agitated by the same passions, and moved to action by the same interests, nothing can come to pass, but some precedent of the like nature has been already produced; so that having the causes before our eyes, we cannot easily be deceived in the effects if we have judgment enough but to draw the parallel.

FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.—Thomas Jefferson and John Adams both died on the 4th of July, 1826. John Adams died in his 91st year, and was eight years older than Thomas Jefferson. Thomas Jefferson was eight years older than James Madison; James Madison was eight years older than James Monroe; James Monroe was eight years older than John Quincy Adams. The first five of our Presidents—all Revolutionary men—ended their terms of service in the 66th year of their age. Washington, born February 22, 1732; inaugurated 1789; term of service expired in the 66th year of his age. John Adams, born October 19, 1735; inaugurated 1797; term of service expired in the 66th year of his age. Thomas Jefferson, born April 21, 1743; inaugurated 1801; term of service expired in the 66th year of his age. James Monroe, born April 2, 1759; inaugurated 1817; term of service expired in the 66th year of his age.

CONSOLATION FOR THE DULL.—There is no talent more useful towards rising in the world, or which puts men out of the reach of fortune, than that quality generally possessed by the dullest sort of people, and in common speech called *discretion*—a species of lower prudence, by the assistance of which, people of the meanest intellect, without any other qualification, pass through the world in great tranquillity, and with unusual good treatment, neither giving nor taking offence.

ACCUSTOM a child as soon as it can speak to narrate his little experiences, his chapter of accidents; his griefs, his fears, his hopes; to communicate what he has noticed in the world without, and what he feels struggling in the world within him. Anxious to have something to narrate, he will be induced to give attention to objects around him, and what is passing in the sphere of his instruction; and to observe and note events will become one of his first pleasures; and this is the groundwork of a thoughtful character.

TIME, the most precious of all possessions, is commonly the least prized. It is, like health, regretted when gone, but rarely improved when present. We know it is irrecoverable, yet throw it wantonly away. We know it is fleet, yet fail to catch the current moment. It is the space of life, and while we never properly occupy its limits, we nevertheless murmur at their narrowness. It is the field of exertion, and while we continually leave it fallow, we yet sorrow over our stunted harvest.

How sweet are the slumbers of him who can lie down on his pillow and review the transactions of every day, without condemning himself!

He who hath but one hog makes him fat; and he who hath but one son makes him a fool.

GLEANINGS FROM HISTORY.

DEATH OF ARIUS.—The death of this arch disturber of the early peace of the Church, was attended by circumstances which show that it was hastened by a just judgment of God.

The dedication of the famous Church of the Holy Sepulchre, which Constantine had erected in the city of Jerusalem, had drawn together a large number of bishops, and while they were yet engaged in the imposing ceremonies, Arius, who had been permitted to return from banishment, presented himself before them. He bore in one hand an equivocal profession of faith, and in the other a letter from Constantine, praying the bishops to receive him into their communion.

His prayer was granted; and, proud of this advantage, he hastened to Alexandria, fully persuaded that he would be received, as St. Athanasius was in exile. But the clergy knew him too well to be imposed on by his duplicity, and refused to hold any communication with him. Disappointed, he repaired to Constantinople to procure an order for his admission into the Church. This order, which manifestly stretched beyond the bounds of civil authority, was directed to Alexander, the holy bishop who governed in the place of Athanasius.

The venerable prelate who had assisted at the Council of Nice, humbly remonstrated that he could not execute the order with a safe conscience. Arius and his friend Eusebius, finding that they could not gain the assent of Alexander, resolved to accomplish their purpose by force. Accordingly they fixed on a Sunday, when the concourse of people would be greater, in order to carry their purpose into execution. At the appointed hour in the morning, Eusebius, with his friends, forming a grand procession, led forth their hero towards the church.

The Holy Bishop, Alexander, had nothing but his prayers to offer against their violence. In sore affliction he prostrated himself before the altar, and earnestly prayed that God, by some visible effect of his power, would prevent the insult about being offered to his son, or take him out of life that he might not witness it. The procession in the meantime was rapidly approaching, and was now only a few paces from the church, when Arius is taken suddenly ill, and is pressed by a call of nature. The procession stopped, and Arius stepped aside to a proper place of convenience. They wait impatiently his return; at length they go in search of him, when lo! they discover the imperious wretch who had dared to deny the divinity of the Son of God, a ghastly corpse, with his bowels bursting from his body.

"THE word *Breviarium*," writes the author of No. 75 of the *Tracts for the Times*, "first occurs in the work of an author of the eleventh century, and is used to denote a *compendium* or systematic arrangement of the Devotional Offices of the Church. Till that time they were contained in several independent volumes, according to the nature of each. Such, for instance, were the *Psalteria*, *Homiliaria*, *Hannaria*, and the like, to be used in the service in due course." The writer then goes on to say, that Gregory VII caused to be drawn up a work containing in one all these different collections, introducing the separate members each in its proper place, and harmonizing them together by means of rubrics; and farther, that some have concluded the word Breviary in its original sense to have signified a collection of rubrics rather than the offices connected by them.

THE Congregation of *Rites* watches over the tradition of the Church; regulates its feasts, and determines its ceremonies throughout the wide extent of Christendom. It is in this congregation that the Pope declares, that one whose life has been distinguished by the practice of heroic virtues, and whose sanctity has been attested by some miracles, is worthy to be canonized—that is, solemnly enrolled among the saints whom we may honor. Protestants amuse themselves by turning the canonization of saints into ridicule; but few, if any of them, have ever heard of the long and rigorous examinations which always precede so solemn and important an action. This tribunal has its judges, its officers, and notary; it employs interpreters when there is question of acts written in foreign languages. When circumstances require it, it profits by the counsels of physicians, natural philosophers, and mathematicians. The maxim on which it proceeds is, that the facts must be proved with the same certainty as if there were question of condemning a person accused of crimes. Suspicious or inconclusive evidence, such as would not justify the judge in pronouncing sentence of death against a person accused of a capital crime, is rejected by the tribunal. The author of the life of St. John Francis Regis, relates on this subject the following anecdote, which he heard from a person of undoubted authority: "An English gentleman in Rome was expressing his preconceived notions on the subject to a Roman prelate, when the latter gave him a process, containing the proofs of several miracles, to read. The Protestant read them with attention, and returning them, said: 'This is an unexceptionable manner of proving miracles. If all those which the Roman Church receives were sustained by proofs equally satisfactory, we could not reasonably object to them, and would cease to make your miracles the subject of our raileries.' 'Well,' said the prelate, you must know that of all the miracles which appear to you so well proved, not one has been admitted by the congregation of *Rites*, because not sustained by sufficient proof.' The Protestant, astonished at this reply, acknowledged that nothing but a blind prejudice could question the certainty of facts, ascertained by such a scrutiny, and confessed that he never imagined that the Church of Rome went so far in the examination of miraculous events.—*Baron Geramb.*

PHYSICIANS, SURGEONS AND APOTHECARIES.—The first who distinguished themselves for medical knowledge appear to have been the Benedictine monks of Salerno; they betook themselves to the study of the Greek and Roman writers, and established a seminary, which in medicine as well as other branches of science, long boasted European fame. In the twelfth century, Frederic II bestowed on it peculiar privileges, and enabled it to confer degrees in physic and philosophy. Pavia, Padua, Montpellier, and several others followed; and a foundation was thus laid, forming the base of that pillar, which, by subsequent and great additions, now forms a splendid structure which might have inscribed on its pedestal: "To the science and art of medicine." It would appear, that in the monasteries arose that distinction between physician, surgeon and apothecary, which now prevails. The monks acted, at first, not only as physicians and surgeons, but also prepared their own medicines. It is easy to conceive how the smaller operations of surgery became irksome to them; and not less easy to see how such were consigned to the barbers, who were necessarily in constant communication with them. By a similar transition, the concoction of drugs fell into the hands of the grocer—and thus we find a reason for that union in the city of London between the surgeon and barber, the grocer and apothecary, which so long existed, and which, so far as the surgeons and barbers were concerned, was only terminated by the 18 Geo. II, c. 15.—*Dublin Review.*

HALF HOURS OF RELAXATION.

ANECDOTE OF BURNS.—As Lord Crawford and Lord Boyd were one day walking over the lands in Ayrshire, they saw Burns ploughing in a field hard by. Lord Crawford said to Lord Boyd, "Do you see that rough-looking fellow across there with the plough? I'll lay you a wager you cannot say anything to him that he will not rhyme of." "Done," said the other; and immediately going up to the hedge, Lord Boyd cried out "*Baugh!*" Burns stopped at once, leaned against the plough, and surveying his assailant from head to foot, he quietly answered—

"It's not Lord Crawford, but Lord Boyd,
Of grace and manners he is void—
Just like a bull among the rye,
Cries '*baugh!*' at folks as he goes by."

A SHILLING'S WORTH OF HAIR.—A fellow who came from the railroad, being a stranger, strolled about for some time in the outskirts of a town in search of a barber. He finally discovered one, and requested the operator to take off a shilling's worth of hair. The barber trimmed his locks very neatly, soaped up the remainder very handsomely, and then combed and brushed him up till his head looked as if it belonged to some other person than himself. "Are you done?" asked the stranger, as the barber removed the napkin from his neck. "Yes, sir," said the barber, with a polite bow. "Are you certain that you took off a shilling's worth?" "Yes, sir, there's a glass; you can look for yourself." "Well," said the stranger, "if you think you have a shilling's worth off, I don't know that I've got any use for it, and I haven't got any change, so you may just take the hair for your trouble." On hearing this, the barber made a jump for the man, whereupon he made a jump for the door, which, not being bolted, he bolted himself.

An Irish paper, in describing a human body lately discovered in an extraordinary state of preservation in a peat bog, says "that it appeared to be that of a strong, muscular man, and exhibited no perceptible marks of violence, except that the head was severed from the neck just on a line with the root of the tongue." The exception seems rather an important one, although the editor makes light of a somewhat serious mutilation, in virtually stating that the deceased person had only his head cut off.

POLICE REGULATION.—Ladies are requested to keep in a single line on either side of the streets, walking in succession one after the other, in order that there may be a possibility of passing them without the danger of being entangled in their clothes.

NO DOUBT TRUE.—If some men could come out of their graves and read the inscriptions upon their tombs, they would think that they had lain down in the wrong place.

HARD TO FIND.—An advertisement in the Evangelical Magazine, an English periodical, runs thus: "Wanted, a stout, active man, who fears the Lord, and who can carry two hundred weight."

DIGBY says it is true that "there is more pleasure in giving than receiving;" but he also thinks it specially applies to *medicine, kicks and advice.*

A drunken man lately tried to get a policeman to arrest his own shadow; he complained that an ill-looking fellow kept constantly following him.

Look here, Simon, if the earth takes twenty-four hours to get round the sun, how many hours will it take a son to get round an angry father.

CALENDAR OF THE PRINCIPAL SAINTS FOR FEBRUARY.

1. *St. Ignatius*.—The intimate disciple of St. John, the Evangelist, was bishop of Antioch, and governed the Church for forty years. He was apprehended by the emperor Trajan, and sent to Rome to be devoured by lions. He rejoiced exceedingly at the sentence, and when he heard the lions roar, he exclaimed: "I am the wheat of Christ—let the teeth of the lions grind me, that I may become pure bread, fit to be offered to Him." He suffered in the year 107.

2. *Candlemas Day*.—The object of this festival is fully explained under the article, "Christian Festivals," in the present number.

3. *St. Blase*.—He was bishop of Sebaste, in Armenia, and was put to death for the faith in the persecution of Licinius.

4. *St. Andrew Corsini*.—In his youth he gave himself up to vice and wickedness, but at length being moved by the tears and entreaties of his pious mother, he renounced his former ways and dedicated himself to the service of God, and by a life of penance and mortification endeavored to repair the evils of his earlier years. He was made bishop of Fiesoli, and died in 1373, in the 71st year of his age.

5. *St. Agatha*.—A virgin of Sicily, who resolutely withstood the most wicked attempts of the governor to withdraw her from virtue, and to cause her to renounce her faith. She was in consequence of her resolution thrown into prison, stretched upon the rack, her breasts cut off and her sides burned with torches. She expired repeating these words: "Oh, Lord! who has protected me from my cradle, receive now my soul."

6. *St. Dorothy*.—A virgin of Cesarea, who being apprehended by Dioclesian, was delivered into the hands of her two sisters, who had renounced the faith of Christ, with the hope that they might persuade her to do the same, but her virtue so far prevailed over them, that they returned to the faith, and all three died martyrs.

8. *St. John of Matha*.—Was born of a noble family of Provence, in the year 1169, but laying aside all the pursuits of ambition, he devoted himself to the redemption of slaves.

9. *St. Apollonia*.—A holy virgin who was put to death in Alexandria in the year 249, in a tumult raised in that city against the Christians.

10. *St. Scholastica*.—Was a sister to the great St. Benedict, and lived about the year 540.

11. *St. Saturnius and others, Martyrs*.—The Emperor Dioclesian had commanded all Christians under pain of death to deliver up the holy scriptures to be burnt. Saturnius and his companions, to the number of forty-nine, met on a Sunday to assist at the celebration of the divine mysteries and receive consolation from the inspired writings, when the magistrates came with a troop of soldiers, and put them all to death.

12. *St. Benedict of Anian*.—He flourished about the year 800, in the south of France, and notwithstanding his noble birth and high rank, he retired to the desert and spent his life in penance and mortification.

13. *St. Catharine*.—A saint of Florence, born in the year 1522, remarkable for the trials and sufferings by which she was afflicted, but equally remarkable for the patience and resignation with which she bore them.

14. *St. Valentine*.—A holy priest of Rome, who with St. Marius and his family, assisted the martyrs during the persecution under Claudius II. He was apprehended by the Roman prefect, beaten with clubs and finally beheaded on

the fourteenth of this month, in the year 270. To abolish the lewd custom which prevailed at his time, of boys and young men writing the names of young girls in honor of the goddess Februa Juno, on the 15th of this month, he is said to have inaugurated the custom of substituting the names of saints in the billets given on this day. This custom, designed for a good purpose, has degenerated at the present day into a practice as absurd and pernicious as that which prevailed among the heathens of old. The practice of sending and receiving valentines is fraught with such evil consequences, that Catholic parents should not permit it among their children, much less encourage it, which is frequently the case.

15. *Saints Faustinus and Jovita*—Were two holy martyrs who suffered for the faith about the year 121.

16. *St. Onesimus*—Was a slave, and converted by St. Paul while the latter was a prisoner at Rome. Having robbed his master, Philemon, before his conversion, he was after that event sent back by St. Paul to his master, with a letter to Philemon, by whom he was pardoned and set at liberty. He was afterwards consecrated bishop and received the crown of martyrdom under Domitian in the year 95.

17. *St. Flavian*.—An illustrious bishop of Constantinople, distinguished for his zeal in defending the doctrines of the church against the errors of Eutyches.

18. *St. Simeon*—Was the son of Cleophas, the brother of St. Joseph. He was the successor of St. James in the See of Jerusalem, which he governed for 43 years. At length being accused of being of the royal race of David and a Christian, he was apprehended and suffered martyrdom on the cross, at the advanced age of 120 years, being one of the last of those who had seen Christ on earth.

19. *St. Barbalus*.—A holy bishop of Benevento, who died in 682.

22. *St. Margaret of Cortona*.—She, like St. Mary of Egypt, had spent her early life in great disorder, and turned from her evil ways and passed twenty-three years in the order of St. Francis, in penance and austerities.

23. *St. Serenus*.—This saint followed the employment of a gardener, and suffered martyrdom for the faith about the year 307.

24. *St. Matthias, the Apostle*.—He was the Apostle chosen in the place of the unhappy Judas. He preached the Gospel in Cappadocia, and is thought to have suffered martyrdom in Colchis.

26. *St. Alexander*—Was an illustrious bishop of Alexandria; assisted at the Council of Nice, at which the errors of Arius were condemned, and died the year after the Council, having recommended St. Athanasius for his successor.

27. *St. Galmier*—Was a blacksmith at Lyons, who lived in great poverty and austerity, spending all his leisure moments in holy reading and prayer. He finally entered the monastery of St. Justus, and died in great sanctity in the year 650.

28. *Saints Romanus and Sulpicius*—Were two holy abbots who lived about the year 460. They established several monasteries for monks in the forests of Jura, between France and Switzerland.

REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

1. PICTORIAL BIBLE AND CHURCH HISTORY STORIES—Third volume of Old Testament, complete. With new and original series of Historical and Typical Designs—Historical, Landscape, Vignettes, Maps, &c., by Carl Clasen, J. H. Powell, Henry, and others. By the Rev. *Henry Formby*. London: Burns & Lambert. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This beautiful little volume completes that portion of the series which comprises the Old Testament history. It is filled with illustrations of a high order, both in design and execution, by artists of the best schools of Europe.

Pictorial works have become a necessity. They are to be found everywhere and upon all subjects. The enemies of the church have made them the most dangerous of their weapons, because the most fascinating: and the mere men of the world, who have had no special battle to fight against the church, have found them the most available means of reaching the hearts not only of the young and the unlettered, but of the mature and the learned. Many judicious Catholics have felt the need of meeting the indifferent and the hostile with this weapon of art so peculiarly the weapon of the church, for by her it was ennobled, spiritualized and elevated from its old pagan degradation. Some of our own enterprising publishers have nobly endeavored to meet this want in various works, but as yet little has been effected in works calculated to instruct and amuse the young. The present age is fighting for the possession and the control of the hearts of the coming one. The children of to-day will be the men and women of to-morrow: the fathers and mothers who are to rear and instruct a new generation, as they themselves shall have been reared and instructed. Around this youthful generation, now so fruitful of hope and fear, are thrown a thousand beautiful books, instilling insidious poison and dangerous errors, or, at best, mere worldly doctrines and principles that, in the end, lead to indifference. This series, by the Rev. H. Formby, comes to us as if providentially, to meet this great evil and supply this want; and he has placed his design under the protection of the Blessed and Immaculate Virgin, to secure her intercession for the success of his truly noble work.

We feel a great interest in the success of these books, for we know and appreciate the dangers which surround the Catholic youth of America, probably to a greater degree than the youth of any other country; and we shall, perhaps, hereafter take occasion to call the attention of our readers more particularly to the volumes already published and to the general design of the Rev. Mr. Formby, contenting ourselves for the present with *urging upon every head of a family, every friend of youth, the duty of assisting, to some extent, in disseminating these books*, which are at once beautiful in their illustrations and typography, attractive in their narratives, and sound, pure and highly religious in their doctrines and morals.

2. THE PARADISE OF THE CHRISTIAN SOUL: Delightful for its choicest pleasures of piety of every kind. By *James Merlo Horstius*. New York: P. O'Shea. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

To such as desire a prayer book which will satisfy every form of devotion, and will be found suitable for all occasions and all places, we recommend this translation of that excellent old manual, the Paradise of the Christian Soul.

3. THE SACRAMENTALS OF THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH; or, Flowers from the Garden of the Liturgy. By the Rev. William J. Barry. Cincinnati: John P. Walsh. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

The late hour at which we received this work prevents us from giving it an extended notice. This we shall be pleased to do in our next. When, however, we remind our readers that the work bears the unqualified approbation of the illustrious Archbishop of Cincinnati, we feel that we have said sufficient to commend it to their attention.

4. CHURCHES, SECTS, AND RELIGIOUS PARTIES; or, Some Motives for my Conversion to the Catholic Church. By A Master of Arts, formerly a Clergyman in the Established Church. London: C. Dolman. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

The author of this book gives a plain, straightforward statement of the causes which led him to a knowledge of the Catholic faith, and does not pretend to enter deeply into the discussion of any of the various points at issue between Catholicity and Protestantism. He tells us that his mind was first drawn to an examination of Catholic doctrine by a careful study of history, which he very justly says, "is one of the great armories whence Protestants frequently draw their weapons for assailing the Catholic Church."

We have, however, received the book too late to enable us to speak definitely on its merits, and are, on this account, obliged to defer further remarks for the present.

5. BROWNSON'S QUARTERLY REVIEW—January, 1858. New York: Dunigan & Brother. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

We acknowledge with pleasure the receipt of the January number of this able Review. Our limited space prevents us from entering into any general analysis of its many excellent articles, especially that on *Common Schools*, which ought to be read and studied by every Catholic in the country. To this task we shall return in a future number. In the meantime, if our feeble commendation can do aught to promote the interests of the Review, it is heartily and cheerfully given.

6. LIFE OF ST. WINEFRID. Translated from a manuscript life of the Saint in the British Museum; with an account of some miraculous cures perfected at St. Winefrid's Well. By the Rev. Canon Dalton. London: C. Dolman. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

The name of St. Winefrid, and the fame of the numerous miraculous cures wrought at the holy fountain, which bears her name, have been familiar to the Catholic world for the last six centuries. Little, however, has been known of her life or miracles. The object of the author in this small volume is to render Catholics familiar with her virtues, and to draw attention to the wonderful cures which, even in our own time, have taken place through her intercession. The book is exceedingly interesting.

7. A FEW SWEET FLOWERS COLLECTED FROM THE WRITINGS OF SAINT TERESA.—Translated from the Spanish. By the Rev. Canon Dalton. Dublin: James Duffy. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

This is the title of an exceedingly interesting and instructive little volume, compiled chiefly from the writings of St. Teresa. The beautiful maxims with which it abounds are like the sweet flowers of virtue which adorned the life of that illustrious Saint.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.—The high reputation attained by the Catechism of the late Abbé Guillois, has induced the Abbé C. Alix, Canon of St. Genevieve, to prepare for the press his friend's posthumous works. Two volumes have already appeared, entitled *Le Catechiste en chaire. Plans de Sermons, conférences et instructions familières sur les principaux points de la doctrine chrétienne*. These works cannot fail to display the clearness, succinctness and method which characterize the Catechism.

The missionary Abbé Hue has also issued a third volume of his *Christianisme en Chine, en Tartarie et au Thibet*, bringing down the narrative of the Chinese Church to the death of the emperor Khang-Hi. It will no doubt be immediately translated into English, and appear here as well as in England. This volume enters into that difficult question that so long occupied the Catholic world, that of the propriety of certain Chinese rites and the honors paid to Confucius, permitted by some missionaries and condemned by others.

The Abbé Paul Sauceret has chosen a new plan of extending devotion to our Blessed Lady, collecting into two volumes sketches of *Sixty illustrious servants of Mary, Mother of God*.

A new *Life of the Ven. Benedict-Joseph Labre* has just appeared, from the pen of Father F. M. J. Desnoyers, of the order of the Precious Blood. It will be remembered by our American readers, that it was a miracle wrought at the bier of the Ven. Labre, which, derided at first, finally converted to the true faith the Rev. John Thayer of Boston, one of the earliest converts in this country.

A *Treatise on the Ecclesiastical Power in its relations to Temporal Sovereignities*, by Father John Anthony Bianchi, of Lucca, a Franciscan Observantine, is highly spoken of, and has recently appeared in a French dress.

A very full *History of the Holy Land* has appeared, from a Spanish author, Don Mathias Rodriguez Lobrino, in two volumes. The work embraces a history of the Jewish nation, of the transition from Judaism to Christianity, the life of our Lord, the destruction of Jerusalem, the Holy Places in early times, from the time of Constantine to the Crusades, during those wars and down to our day. The part which the Franciscans have taken in the guardianship of the holy places and a description of their present condition, complete the work. With the late work of Mgr. Maslin, this will furnish a Catholic reader with a full knowledge of a subject so often treated by Protestants.

Perhaps however the most important work offered to the Catholic public is a complete edition of the works of Donoso Cortes, less known as Marquis de Valdegamas. It will form four octavo volumes and be preceded by a biographical sketch from the vigorous pen of Louis Veuillot, editor of the *Univers*.

Several works have recently appeared in France, American in their subject and bearing, on the religious history of our continent. Least worthy perhaps of notice, is the first volume of the Abbé Count Brasseur de Bourbourg's *Histoire des nations civilisées de Mexique et de l'Amérique centrale, durant les siècles antérieurs à Christophe Colomb, écrit sur des documents originaux et entièrement inédits, puisés aux anciennes archives des indigènes*. Tome Ier. comprenant les temps héroïques et l'histoire de l'empire des Tolteques. We cannot look for much real research in this historian of Canada, whose archives were such works as Bancroft's History of the United States, Montgomery Martin's British Colonies and other current works. In the present case, the very expression "ancient archives of the natives" is suspicious, for scholars have hitherto never imagined the existence of such.

More valuable, as the preservation of an early missionary labor in the Mexican language, is the *Evangeliarium epistolarium et lectionarium aztecum sive Mexicanum ex antiquo codice Mexicano nuper reperto depromptum cum prefatione, interpretatione adnotationibus glossario edidit Bn. Biondelli. Pars I.* This work is an Aztec work, containing the Epistles and gospels in the Mexican language, and is printed from a recently discovered manuscript. The editor, Biondelli, has added a version with a glossary and notes.

A little work printed at Chartres in France, has a somewhat romantic connection with this country. It is entitled *Les vœux des Hurons et des Abenakis à Notre Dame de Chartres, avec les lettres des missionnaires Catholiques.* In early times while the devotion to Our Lady of Chartres, *Tutela Carnutum*, prevailed in France, the missionaries inspired their forest neophytes to send votive offerings to her shrine. The wampum belts, the beaver skins were borne over the Atlantic and laid at the foot of Our Lady's statue. The letters of the missionary translating the addresses of the chieftain were at the same time laid up with the papers of the chapter and have now come to light. Besides the shrine of Our Lady of Chartres, that of Notre Dame de Foye and especially the Holy House of Loretto more than once received the votive offering sent from the depths of the forest primeval that then overshadowed Maine and New York.

In England, Burns & Lambert announce a new, cheap and popular series, to be called the Educational and Family Library, and have published *A Manual of Church History*, for the use of schools and for general readers, and promise soon *Select Specimens from the English Poets*, culled by that true poet, Aubrey de Vere.

Caswell's *Masque of Mary*, lately issued, is viewed as a most beautiful power, far surpassing any of his former essays.

AMERICAN.—To begin by American literature abroad, we find Bachem of Cologne announcing a second edition of Dr. Ives' *Trials of a Mind*, which he recently published in German, and also a translation of the *Spæwif, or The Queen's Secret*, by our own distinguished contributor, Paul Peppergrass, Esq. Our Catholic writers whom Griswold, in his *Poets of America*, and the *Day-ckincks*, in his *Cyclopædia of American Literature*, so cleverly ignore, may be consoled to find that Germany recognizes them, if America does not.

At home, an edition of St. John's authorized version of the *Raccolta* is announced, but no other work of any magnitude is spoken of. O'Shea adds to the number of prayer books, by issuing an English version of the *Paradisus Animæ*, the celebrated manual of Merlo Horstius, which with its rival, the *Cæleste Palmetum* of the Jesuit Nakatini, was so long the prayer book of the clergy. The present version is, we are informed, that published by Burns & Lambert, revised and amended by a Redemptorist Father.

Dunigans have finally ready the *Sancta Sophia, or Directions for the Prayer of Contemplation*, by the Rev. Augustine Baker, monk of the order of St. Benedict. The work appeared originally at Douay in 1657, so that just two centuries have elapsed between the two editions. This is the more strange as the work is spoken of in the highest terms by Dr. Alban Butler, by Bishop Milner, and in our day by Faber, Canon, Dalton and Bishop Ullathorne.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

A FEW WORDS WITH OUR CORRESPONDENTS.—During the last month we have had the pleasure of receiving many communications, several of which are of the most encouraging character. These testimonials of profound interest in the work have been to us a source of much gratification. Coming as they do spontaneously from strangers—persons totally unknown to us except as Catholics—they afford us the strongest assurance that the cause in which we are laboring is not a subject of indifference to the Catholic body of the country. Without this assurance our position would be cheerless indeed. But when we behold our friends extending to us the hand of encouragement and cheering with a God speed your efforts, a new life and spirit are imparted to our own exertions, and we can pass to the labors of the coming year with redoubled energy.

Our Rev. and esteemed correspondent *S.* has spoken truly and eloquently on the importance of a wide-spread Catholic literature as an antidote to the many dangerous publications which too frequently find their way into Catholic families; and expresses a hope that the *Metropolitan* may henceforth assume that position which it ought to occupy in the Catholic household, and thereby exclude other monthlies in which the doctrines of our holy Church, her ministers, and her institutions are not unfrequently made the subject of misrepresentation, of ridicule and reproach. We can only assure him that nothing shall be left undone on our part towards accomplishing the realization of his generous hope.

Miss *H.* wishes to know if we do not intend to have "some good story" in the current volume; and goes into a lengthy argument to show the value of such a department, "at least for the young folks;" and asks if we could not give each month "a short sketch of the fashions;" hinting, at the same time, that if this were done, our Magazine would supply the place of ———, &c.

Our thanks to Miss *H.* for her kind suggestions. In reply, we are happy to state, that we have provided "a good story." But, it must be borne in mind, that in this world of diversified opinions, tastes are many and hard to please. What is agreeable to one may be insipid to another. The story that may appear "good" to Miss *H.* may be devoid of interest to her neighbor. Hence, if our fair correspondent shall fail to find interest in "our good," she must console herself by the reflection that there may be hundreds of others to whom it imparts entertainment.

But when Miss *H.* asks if we cannot give "a short sketch of the fashions," she mistakes the character of the Magazine. It is not within the range of its duties to give external attractions to the body, but to adorn the mind. We labor not for the eye, nor to please the passing whims of the hour, but to cultivate the intellect, to quicken the powers of the soul, and to inculcate those social and moral virtues which will impart attraction, when the follies of fashion shall have lost their every charm; and while we shall be pleased to insert every thing within the range of the work that may tend to amuse, entertain and instruct, we must leave to others the labor of describing the "latest style," of keeping the public posted as to the laws that emanate from the court of fashion.

The following queries have been made by our young friend *Leo*, which shall be duly answered in our next number: *First.*—Who were the four great Doctors of the Church, and when and where did they live? *Second.*—What was the

Sanhedrim? *Third.*—What is the Talmud? *Fourth.*—What is meant by the Epoch of the Olympiads? *Fifth.*—What are the outlines of the life of Fene-
lon? *Sixth.*—What is meant by the Dioclesian Epoch? *Seventh.*—Who were
the two greatest Statuarists of ancient and modern times? *Eighth.*—Who
founded the Republic of Paraguay, and what was the character of the govern-
ment?

From *S. M.* we gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following beautiful
poem. While the music of its numbers will please every ear, its soul-touch-
ing sentiments will find a response in every heart. Life's morning dream! In
the sunny season of childhood, in that happy period of freedom from sorrow
and care, how bright are our visions and our hopes of coming years! Fancy
paints the untried future in bowers of ease, and decks it with flowery walks of
pleasure. The delusions, however, vanish before the opening realities of life.
The moral and social world change before our unsettled vision, and we ourselves
change with them, as revolving years hastens us onward to the goal of exist-
ence. Innocence, mirth and pleasure, all have fled; while care, sorrow and sin
are the "sad memorials of all that's left behind!" Who among us that does not
look back to the "golden days of childhood" with a feeling of regret that no
language can express, and sigh as he repeats the language of our poet: "No
vernal beam can call them back again." But so it is; youth, the happy season
of our existence, is never appreciated until its joys have fled.

While we tender our thanks to the author, we hope that this may not be the
last from his gifted pen:

LIFE'S MORNING DREAM.

Deign, tuneful muse, my vacant soul to fill
With heavenly song, and charm the world below,
From your high throne on yon celestial hill—
The sacred source from whence sweet numbers flow.

Sing of the charms that graced life's early morn,
When Hope soared heavenward on exulting wing,
And Fancy pictured pleasures yet unborn—
Sing of past joys—of faded pleasures, sing!

Who would not wish their childhood to renew,
And bask forever in youth's golden beam?
Or dying, bid this siren world adieu,
Ere fades the frost-work of life's morning dream.

See yon lone chimney lift its vine-wreathed head,
And in sad moanings woo the autumn wind!
A mournful record of the pleasures fled,
A sad memorial! all that's left behind—

Of that fair mansion, once my father's pride,
My mother's joy—e'en more than to me;
The haven where affliction's tears were dri'd—
The hope of each faint traveler on the lea.

Where yon tall pines in solemn pomp arise
And shade the bosom of a murmuring stream,
Oft when pale Cynthia lit the orient skies,
Silvering each mist that floated in her beam—

Have I in childhood with my brothers danced
 To the wild music of the whippowill;
 Or chased the fire-fly, while her lightnings glanced
 O'er the dark valley and the dusky hill.

Or when Aurora's fiery coursers sprung
 In lurid grandeur from the orient main,
 And cloud-high on exulting pinions sung
 The tuneful lark, in soul-inspiring strain—

Have I with many a gay companion strayed,
 Where yon aged oaks their gloomy shadows fling,
 To pluck wild flowers from the dewy glade—
 The earliest offerings of returning spring.

My childhood joys have like these flowers bloomed,
 And like them faded on life's dreary plain—
 But not alone to winter's slumber doomed;
 No vernal beam can call them forth again.

When gloomy, dark, the dismal future lies,
 Thro' whose dread shades no mortal eye can see;
 How sweet the dream of long-departed joys,
 Tho' but the shadow of reality.

Farewell! sad scenes of all my childish loves;
 Ye rolling hills, that caught my earliest view—
 Ye faded forests, and ye yellow groves,
 To each, to all, a sad, a last adieu!

The golden days of childhood fled too soon—
 Too soon each joy of riper years took flight,
 My sun of life is setting ere 'tis noon—
 Yon dark horizon bodes a stormy night.

Yet thro' the depth of yonder gathering gloom,
 One ray of hope streams from yon awful dome,
 That cheers the dreary pathway to the tomb,
 And lights the way-worn traveler to his home.

S. M.

From our esteemed correspondent *D.* we have received the following exquisite piece of poetry, clipped from the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, which we cheerfully insert:

THE UNSEEN BATTLE-FIELD.

There is an unseen battle-field
 In every human breast,
 Where two opposing forces meet,
 But where they seldom rest.

That field is veiled from mortal sight,
 'Tis only seen by One,
 Who knows alone where victory lies
 When each day's fight is done.

One army clusters strong and fierce,
 Their chief of demon form;
 His brow is like the thunder cloud,
 His voice the bursting storm.

His Captain's Pride, and Lust, and Hate,
Whose troops watch night and day,
Swift to detect the weakest point,
And thirsting for the fray.

Contending with this mighty force
Is but a little band;
Yet there, with an unquailing front,
Those warriors firmly stand!

Their leader is a God-like form,
Of countenance serene;
And glowing on his naked breast
A simple cross is seen.

His Captain's Faith, and Hope, and Love,
Point to that wondrous sign;
And gazing on it, all receive
Strength from a source divine.

They feel it speaks a glorious truth,
A truth as great as sure,
That to be victors they must learn
To love, confide, endure.

That faith sublime, in wildest strife,
Imparts a holy calm;
For every deadly blow a shield,
For every wound a balm.

And when they win that battle-field,
Past toil is quite forgot;
That plain where carnage once had reigned
Becomes a hallowed spot—

A spot where flowers of joy and peace
Spring from the fertile sod,
And breathe the perfume of their praise
On every breeze—to God.

Mr. W. S. G. will be pleased to accept our grateful acknowledgments for his exquisite poetical offering, *The Appeal for Erin*. It shall appear in our next number.

We have received several communications, to which we will give attention in the next number. We have also on our table several letters to which the authors have failed to attach their real names. Of these, as a general rule, no notice can be taken.

RECORD OF EVENTS.

From December 20th, 1857, to January 20th, 1858.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

ROME.—The Holy Father held a Secret Consistory on the 21st of December, at which, however, nothing of general interest was transacted. It was anticipated that several new Cardinals would be named, but such was not the case. At the conclusion, the sacred pallium was granted to the Metropolitan Church of Salerno, and the Archiepiscopal Church of Rhodes. The subscriptions towards the monument erected in commemoration of the definition of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, having attained, and even exceeded, the amount required, are now stopped. The Roman correspondent of the *Journal de Bruxelles* states that the sums subscribed amount to 57,191 Roman crowns, 7 baiocchi. The cost of the monument will be 54,183 crowns, 66 baiocchi, thus leaving a surplus of 3,005 crowns. The Holy Father has decided that a part of the surplus shall be distributed amongst the several artists and others employed on the works, and the remainder is to be applied towards the works needful for the conservation of the catacombs—objects of the pious curiosity of Christians of the whole world, particularly the catacombs of St. Alexander and St. Calixtus, where extensive works are required to render them easily accessible.

The arrest of the Marquis —, director of the Mont de Piété at Rome, on a charge of making away with the funds entrusted to his care, is the subject of much conversation. The marquis, who is married to an English lady, is well known for his profuse expenditure, also as an archæologist, and for his scientific and artistic tastes. A letter from Rome estimates the deficit at nearly 4,000,000 francs, and gives some details of the princely style in which he lived.

The second Sunday in Advent was fixed for the ordination of Mgr. Prince Lucien Bonaparte to the priesthood. The ceremony was to have been performed by the Holy Father himself.

His Holiness is unceasing in his encouragement of Christian art. He has lately awarded to each of the four sculptors who were employed to decorate the base of the column of the Immaculate Conception, a sum of four hundred Roman crowns; and has been pleased to appoint Signor Polotti, architect of the monument, inspector of the Artistic Council of Rome, with a salary of 3,200*fr.*

A delegate of Civita Vecchia, accompanied by deputations from the Chamber of Commerce and Municipality of the city, have had the honor of being admitted to the presence of the Holy Father, for the purpose of offering to His Holiness three proofs of the medal (in gold, silver and bronze) struck at the expense of the city of Civita Vecchia in commemoration of the visit of the Holy Father.

SPAIN.—The queen has lately given birth to a son, amidst much rejoicing. Queen Christina, her mother (now in Paris), on receiving intelligence of the event, sent the following letter to her daughter: "My dearest Daughter—Blessed be God, and may He long preserve the grandchild whom He has given me for your felicity and for that of Spain. I will arrange to obtain direct news of your health. I hope it will be good, and I pray God for your well-being and

for that of your son and his sister. Salutation to your husband, and receive the blessing of your mother." The Duke and Duchess de Montpensier caused 12,000 reals to be distributed among the charitable associations at Seville on the occasion of the birth of the prince. The Countess de Buena Esperanza was, says the *Epoca*, to be appointed principal attendant to the royal child. Among the personages of distinction whose names figure in the register of the prince's birth, are the Duchess Dowager de Berwick y de Alba, mother of the Duke de Alba, and the Countess de Montijo, mother of the Empress Eugenie, both ladies of the queen's chamber. The *Gazette* publishes addresses expressing congratulations and devotedness to the queen from the Supreme Tribunal of Justice, and from several governors of provinces.

The opening of the Cortes was adjourned till the 10th January, because the queen wishes to assist in person. The baptism of the Prince of the Asturias was performed with great solemnity in the Royal Chapel, over the baptismal font of Santo Domingo de Gusman. From time immemorial this font has belonged to the parish church of St. Sebastian de Labruga, a town in the province of Burgos, which claims a right to retain it from having been the birth-place of the illustrious saint, and it was brought thence for the royal baptism, again to be returned. It is of white stone, and is of small dimensions, placed in another font of silver, with ornaments of gold. The same ceremonies were observed as those which were followed in the time of Philip IV. Six of the oldest gentlemen of the Chamber bore the objects which are used in the baptism. Three state carriages were sent to the Palace of the Nunciature to fetch Mgr. Barilli, who was sent by His Holiness to stand proxy for the Holy Father. The Prince of the Asturias was carried by his governess, the Marchioness of Malpica; Mgr. the Archbishop of Toledo, administered the Sacrament of Baptism. The first names of the infant are Alphonzo, Francis, Ferdinand, Pius, John, Mary of the Conception.

FRANCE.—Apprehensions were entertained that the laboring classes would be reduced to want during winter. On this account, M. Billault, Minister of the Interior, has addressed a report to the Emperor, setting forth the expected necessity there will be to assist with extraordinary funds the workmen who will be wholly or partially thrown out of work by the constrained situation of the exterior market, produced by the financial crisis in America and Europe, and by the momentary elevation of the conditions which the state of foreign banks has imposed on French credit. The Minister says that many trades have been obliged either to suspend work, or to diminish the hours or the salary. To meet the want of the necessities of life among these classes, M. Billault asks of the emperor, who, as he says, always compassionates the suffering of the people, a credit of a million, to be employed in creating work, and also in providing means of supplying food at reduced prices, to meet the reduced sums earned by the workmen. Monsieur le Ministre also asks leave to apply a part of this money to the alleviation of the sufferers from the late inundations. It will be perceived by the sum required, that France does not allow the misery of her people to get ahead, but applies remedies in time, or a million of francs would not suffice (£40,000 sterling) to relieve effectually the necessities of this immense country.

The Minister of War has addressed a report to the Emperor concerning the creation of a special bureau of beneficence for Algiers, for the distribution of succor to indigent Mussulmans. The emperor has granted the decree which will authorise the establishment of this means of assistance.

Primary teaching of the children of the people at Paris is given at 157 schools and asylums for boys, and in 120 others for girls. The number of children who frequent these schools is 50,542. The evening schools for adults receive a number of scholars nearly equalling that of the children.

The Fall of the Citadel of Vincennes.—A terrible accident has taken place at Vincennes, France. Above the gateway of the fortress rose a tall tower, built six hundred years ago. The ground floor was occupied by the guard-house, and the second floor was used as a black hole. The sentries had just been relieved, on the 28th of Dec'r, and eighteen men were lying on the camp bedsteads in the guard-house, when the roof and ceiling of the tower fell in, burying thirty-two persons in the ruins. Only two men escaped with their lives, one of whom is so desperately wounded, that no hopes of his recovery are entertained. The emperor, accompanied by a single aid-de-camp, went to Vincennes to visit the scene of the catastrophe.

The rescript of the Holy Father authorising the use of the Emperor's name in the *Domine saluum fac* and other parts of the liturgy has been received in Paris, and published.

The Society of St. Vincent of Paul has begun its distribution of soups. The economical ovens, founded by the Emperor and Empress, were re-opened at the beginning of December. The French kitchen displays its most useful resources in the food furnished by these establishments, of which there is one to each of the twelve *arrondissements* of Paris. Broth, meat, vegetables, soups, and fish are prepared in every wholesome variety at a small expense.

The *Univers* reports the foundation of a new community of nuns at Paris, to which the Holy Father had just sent his benediction and rich indulgences by a rescript in his own handwriting. These religious, styled "Helpers in Purgatory," add to the three usual vows that of devoting to the faithful departed all the merit of their devotions and charitable labors. The devotion has long existed in Italy, and had been indulged by Benedict XIII and Pius IX; but we are not aware that any congregation has before been constituted for carrying it out. The work of charity to which it is devoted is education, especially the training of Christian governesses. The religious have already been two years at work with great success.

The bishop of Versailles (Mgr. Gros) died on Sunday, the 13th Dec., at the age of sixty-three. He was at one time confessor to Louis Phillippe's queen, and was translated from the see of St. Die to that of Versailles in 1844.

A religious service was performed on the 15th of December at the Invalides, to commemorate the translation of the ashes of Napoleon I on this anniversary. As usual it was attended by a great many old soldiers of the Empire in their well-worn uniforms, who, after the service, marched in procession, with drums beating, to the Place Vendome, where they deposited *immortelles* at the foot of the column.

The question of the duty on foreign spirits has been sent by the Minister of Commerce to the Paris Chamber of Commerce for its consideration. The general impression is that the duty will be raised before the end of the year.

ENGLAND.—The news from India was the chief topic of interest at the latest dates. After the capture of Delhi, it was thought that the insurrection was suppressed, but it seems that the fighting is still continued, and attended with severe loss to the English. On the 25th of November, General Havelock died of dysentery, brought on by exposure and anxiety. On the 27th November an affair took place near Cawnpore between General Windham's division and the

Gwalior mutineers, in which the British troops retreated, with the total loss of the tents of the sixty-fourth, the eighty-second and eighty-eighth regiments, three thousand in number, which were entirely burned by the enemy. The sixty-fourth regiment is reported as nearly destroyed. Subsequently, Sir Colin Campbell defeated the insurgents near Cawnpore with a severe loss. It is said that a bill will shortly be introduced into parliament, by which the direct management of the government in India will be vested in a cabinet minister, instead of being exercised, as heretofore, by the East India Company.

IRELAND.—Nothing of public interest has taken place in this country during the last month. Agitation of every kind seems to have been hushed for the time being. Several Tenant Right banquets have been given, by way of indication that the subject only slumbers.

Lord Lismore recently died, having reached the age of eighty-one years.

SCOTLAND.—The steady increase of Catholicity in Scotland is a subject of much gratification. On Sunday, the 6th of December, a new church was opened at Bathgate, by the Right Rev. Bishop Gillis. The church was formerly a Protestant meeting house, and was purchased by the Catholics and enlarged before it was dedicated for Catholic worship. The Right Rev. Bishop Murdoch recently left the episcopal residence, Glasgow, for Rome, where it is expected he will continue for some months, on important ecclesiastical business. This is the first episcopal visit paid by his lordship to the Holy City. The progress of religion in the west of Scotland, during his episcopate, has been fully equal to anything that has been realised during a similar period elsewhere. Up to the week of his departure, the good bishop discharged the functions of a missionary priest in his cathedral church of St. Andrew, and with no less assiduity than the humblest junior amongst his priests.

BELGIUM.—The result of the late election, as was anticipated, was unfavorable to the Catholic party. The number of Liberal deputies, which was forty-four in the last Chamber, is now increased to sixty-nine. The Liberal majority is thirty. In all the important towns—Brussels, Antwerp, Ghent, Liege, Mons, Bruges, Tournai, Charleroi, Verviers and Nivelles—the Catholic party has been unable to elect a single candidate. MM. Dumon and Mercier, both ex-ministers, were defeated, the one at Tournai and the other at Nivelles. M. Delchaye, the late President of the Chamber, was defeated at Ghent.

SARDINIA.—The most important news from this kingdom is the result of the late election, which has terminated in the defeat of the ministerial party. The *Dublin Tablet* has the following observations on the subject: The signal overthrow of the Piedmontese Ministerialists, and the triumph of the Catholic Conservatives, is now recognised by all. And it is only necessary to remember the boastings of the *Times*, of the *Post*, of the *Daily News*, and of the foreign press, about the attachment of the people of Piedmont to the church-robbing Ministry, the firm hold possessed by Count Cavour on the national mind, the general discredit of the Catholic party, and the repugnance felt for the "clerical faction," to estimate the bitter disappointment of the revolutionists. Of 204 members, between seventy and eighty are ministerialists proper.

NAPLES.—*Earthquake and Loss of Life.*—Advices from Naples to the 19th of December, state that an earthquake took place on the night of the 17th. Its destructive effects have been experienced throughout the whole kingdom, but most severely in the towns of Salerno, Potenza and Polo. At Salerno the walls of the houses are rent from the bottom. Numerous villages are half destroyed. In the province of Basilicata, and in the principality of Citeriure, the dead are reckoned at 7,000. The authorities have directed huts to be built for the houseless families. The city of Naples experienced three violent shocks. The population are encamped on the open country. The northern part of the kingdom of Naples has not been subjected to this visitation.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.—AFFAIRS OF THE CHURCH.

1. **DIOCESE OF BALTIMORE.**—*Lecture for the Benefit of the Orphans.*—On the evening of the tenth of January a lecture was delivered at the Hall of the Maryland Institute, in this city, by the Rev. Father Sourin, S. J., for the benefit of the orphans now in St. Vincent's Asylum. The reverend gentleman selected as his subject, The Life and Times of Pope Gregory VII, on which he ably and eloquently enchaind the attention of the thousands who thronged the hall on the occasion.

2. **DIOCESE OF ST. LOUIS.**—*Charitable Bequests.*—Valuable bequests have been lately left to the Most Rev. Archbishop of St. Louis, and to various Catholic institutions in that city, by the late Mr. Thompson. The will admitted to probate contains the following items: To Peter Richard Kenrick, he devises the sum of \$53,000 for the St. Louis Hospital Association, and makes the following additional bequests:—\$2,000 to the Male Orphan Asylum, corner of Fifteenth street and Clark avenue; \$2,000 to the Female Orphan Asylum, corner of Bidle and Tenth streets; \$2,000 for Theological Seminary at Carondelet; \$2,000 for Widows' Home and Lying-in Hospital, corner Tenth and O'Fallen streets; \$2,000 for the Home of the Good Shepherd, Seventeenth street, between Pine and Chestnut; \$2,000 for Half Orphan Asylum for Girls, corner of Eighth and Main streets; \$2,000 for the Home of St. Philomena, corner of Fifth and Walnut streets; \$2,000 for Sisters of Mary, corner of Tenth and Morgan streets. There are also various other bequests, including \$3,000 for the bishop's own use and benefit. And the residue of his estate to Archbishop Peter Richard Kenrick, of every description, constituting him his heir-at-law, in the belief that he will apply it for the benefit of the indigent and to advance the cause of religion. The residue of the estate here mentioned will, it is thought, exceed \$250,000. The *Missouri Republican*, after giving the details of the will, concludes as follows: "This fortune could not have fallen into worthier hands. We have every reason to believe, from the past life of the reverend gentleman, that he will so dispose of the moneys entrusted to him as will best carry out the intentions of the testator, relieving the indigent and advancing the cause of religion."

Religious Profession.—In the city of St. Louis, on New Year's day, Miss Pauline Keller (Sister M. Teresa), made her solemn profession, at the hands of Very Rev. Joseph Melchers, V. G., in the chapel of the Ursuline convent of that city.

3. **DIOCESE OF BROOKLYN.**—*Passionist Missionaries.*—During the past month the Rev. Father Gaudentius, assisted by the Rev. Fathers Calandri and Benedinelli, all belonging to the Passionist Monastery of the Blessed Paul of the Cross, Birmingham, Pa., has been giving missions with wonderful success in several parishes in the diocese of Brooklyn. The religious interest excited by this first mission held at St. Joseph's church, in the suburbs of Brooklyn city, was of the most remarkable character. The church was thronged at every service; more than five thousand went to communion, and at the close of the mission, some twelve or fifteen non-Catholics, some of them persons of superior education, were received into the church. In the course of this mission, it is asserted on credible authority, that God was pleased to manifest his favor by special graces of an external character. The rumor, some way, went abroad among the humble people who mostly compose the parish, that bodily diseases were

cured by some of these missionaries. The blind, the lame, the afflicted with various chronic diseases, were brought to the church in great numbers. The sensation created by this movement among those unprepared by their education for such "signs as followed them that believe," was intense. Father Gaudentius blessed those that came to him with the relics of the holy founder of his order, Blessed Paul of the Cross, and in some cases cures were effected on the instant. Several conversions were made during these missions.

4. DIOCESE OF BOSTON.—From the *Pilot* we learn that the Right Rev. Dr. Fitzpatrick, Bishop of Boston, returned to his diocese after an absence of nearly three months, rendered necessary by the state of his health. He arrived in Boston on Christmas Eve, his health much improved, though we regret to learn not fully restored. May the prayers of good Catholics everywhere be offered up for the illustrious prelate, that his health may be entirely restored and that he may be spared for many years to his diocese, for the welfare of which he has so long and zealously labored.

5. DIOCESE OF PHILADELPHIA.—*Confirmation*.—The Right Rev. Bishop Neumann lately conferred the Sacrament of Confirmation on one hundred and seventy persons in the church of St. Boniface, St. Clair, Schuylkill county, Pa.

Ordinations.—The Right Rev. Bishop Neumann conferred orders on five of the students of St. Charles Seminary, in his private chapel, on the Friday and Saturday preceding Christmas. Messrs. Charles J. Schroeder, Augustin J. McConomy and Jeremiah F. Shanahan, received tonsure and minor orders, and Messrs. John Finnan and Hugh Monahan, subdeaconship, on Friday. Mr. Schroeder was promoted to subdeaconship, and Messrs. Finnan and Monahan to deaconship, on Saturday.

6. DIOCESE OF PITTSBURG.—From the *Catholic* we learn that "the painting to be placed over the altar of the Cathedral, which was procured by the Bishop in Rome last summer, has been received. It is from the pencil of Gagliardi, one of the most celebrated artists of Rome, and was painted expressly for our church. It represents the dying Saviour, with Magdalen at the foot of the Cross. It is in the style of Guido, author of the most celebrated painting of the Crucifixion which is in existence. We ourselves have never seen anything so magnificent. In addition to the beauty of its execution, its colossal size will make it worthy of our noble Cathedral. The painting is twenty-seven feet high and twelve feet wide." We congratulate the Catholics of Pittsburg on the possession of this noble work of art.

7. DIOCESE OF NASHVILLE.—On the Sunday before Christmas the Right Rev. Bishop of Nashville dedicated to the service of Almighty God, under the Invocation of St. John the Evangelist, the new chapel erected in Edgefield, near Nashville.

On Christmas morning, Rev. J. Schacht opened the chapel at the new Academy of the Sisters of Charity, $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Nashville, on the White's Creek Turnpike.


A Church Built in Six Weeks.—As an evidence of the zeal and enterprize of the Catholics of this diocese, we transcribe the following from a correspondent of the *Pittsburg Catholic*: "On the 8th of November was recorded the laying of the corner-stone of the Catholic church in Edgefield, near this city; and I feel much pleasure in having now to state that it is finished, and was on yesterday solemnly dedicated by our beloved and Right Reverend Bishop, in his usually solemn manner. Owing to the profound respect in which the Right

Rev. Dr. Miles is held by all classes of the community, although many non-Catholics were present, nothing occurred during the interesting and edifying ceremonies to mar the heartfelt satisfaction and pleasure which he must have experienced at this further proof of the increase of Catholicity in his diocese, to the interests of which he is so entirely devoted. It was a matter of agreeable surprise and conversation to many, as they left the church, to find that in the short space of a few weeks so neat and substantial a church had sprung up in their midst. It is built of brick, in the Gothic style of architecture. No doubt it speaks well for the zeal of the pastor and the piety of the people to do so much in so short a time, particularly as the church is nearly paid for."

8. DIOCESE OF SAVANNAH.—The Right Rev. Dr. Barry, Bishop of Savannah, lately administered the Holy Sacrament of Confirmation at Atlanta, Ga., and preached on the occasion. The *Atlanta Examiner* notices the event and thus speaks of the distinguished prelate: The high character for learning which is awarded to this distinguished prelate throughout the State, his active benevolence, patriotism and piety, have long since conferred upon him a popularity which but few divines of any denomination can claim to possess. We were glad therefore to hear of his visit to his "flock" in Atlanta, and trust that in future we may all become as familiar with his face, virtues and usefulness as was Augusta, where for so many years he "practised what he preached," and Savannah, in which city he now resides. Confirmation was also administered by the same Right Rev. Prelate at Savannah, on the 28th of November, to 150 persons, several of whom were converts. A new church, commenced last summer at Augusta, is advancing rapidly to completion. At this city, as well as at Macon and Columbus, confirmation was administered shortly before Christmas.

9. DIOCESE OF CINCINNATI.—*Narrow Escape of two Sisters of Charity.*—Sister Antonia and another sister belonging to St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum, Cummins ville, Ohio, were recently riding out some distance from the asylum on one of their usual errands of charity, and the horse taking fright, started at full speed, endangering the lives of the good sisters who were in the carriage. The horse was almost on the point of a precipice, when Sister Antonia, with admirable presence of mind, succeeded in recovering the reins, which the driver in his fright had let fall, and drove the horse up against a side fence. The shock brought the frightened beast to a stand-still, and saved, under Providence, the lives of the two sisters and the driver.

A Charitable Gift.—Mrs. Ann Corr, of Rose Cottage, Brown county, Ohio, has presented a most generous donation of \$5,000 to the seminary, for the completion of the buildings and the education of the clergy. God has raised up many kind and some most liberal friends for this institution. We hope the virtue, piety, learning, zeal and success of the priests who shall have there been prepared for the holy ministry, will prove to them how eminently pleasing to Almighty God has been the use they have made of some of the wealth with which He has blessed them.—*Cath. Telegraph.*

 Want of space compels us to omit several important items which will appear next month.

OBITUARY.—Died, on the 9th of December, near Kansas city, the Rev. Father DUEBINCK. The lamented deceased was drowned by the sinking of a boat between Kansas City and Wayne City.

Died, on the 4th of December, at Jasper, Dubois Co., Indiana, the Rev. Jos. KUNDEK, in the 47th year of his age. The deceased was a Croatian, and came to this country in 1839. After remaining a year in New Orleans, where he built a church in Lafayette, he subsequently rendered great services to religion in the diocese of Vincennes.

Died, on the 28th ult., Feast of Holy Innocents, in Milwaukee, Sister MARY ANTONIA (Catherine Schiermann), in the 20th year of her age.

May they rest in peace.